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1911
A MEDLEY OF

POEMS

PUNS AND CONUNDRUMS

BY

MRS. LYDIA A. DOYLE

OF NEWTON, KANSAS

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SECOND EDITION

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The Handsomest Man in Town

The Andromeda Man *Lydia A. Doyle*

Chorus

The musical score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The top staff of each system is a vocal line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/8. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). The score concludes with a double bar line on the final staff.

THE HANDSOMEST FELLOW IN TOWN.

Some like a man's hair in the middle to part,
 While others prefer it one side.
 To please one and all, and to conquer each heart,
 I've naught on my head but the hide.

Chorus.

O! I am the handsomest fellow in town;
 At least so the ladies declare.
 I found long ago that I gained this renown
 Because of the cut of my hair.

My eyes are quite small, but my mouth and my nose
 Make up for this diff'rence, you see;
 My hands and my feet are large, too, I suppose;
 My legs, though, are slim as can be.

I flirt with the ladies whenever I choose,
 And cut out their beaux when I will;
 For I am so handsome they cannot refuse
 My slightest desire to fulfill.

I put my hat on to one side of my head;
 My lips hold a fine cigarette.
 I'm "king of the dudes," so the ladies have said;
 And oft' I'm found with them, you bet.

IF YOU LOVE HER.

If you still adore the lady you have wed, then tell her so.
 Be the same devoted lover as the time you played the beau.
 Twine your loving arms about her. Kiss the lips so pure and
 sweet.
 Tell her that the old love lingers. It will make her joy complete

Be as careful in her presence in deportment as before
 Hymen joined your lives together; and respect her as of yore.
 Cupid should be ever welcome in you home, let come what
 may;
 Then your lives will be as happy as upon your wedding day.

Those pre-nuptial vows you whispered in her list'ning ear, you
 know,
 Are recorded up in heaven, where you surely hope to go
 When this mortal life is ended; then be careful how you keep
 Those endearing words of promise. As you sow so must you
 reap.

When she longs for fond caresses, and approaches with a smile,
Though you feel care-worn, and weary, you will find it worth
your while

To return those loving tokens; it will ease the aching heart
To remember how she loves you, if you thus will do your part.
To remember how she loves you, if you thus do your part.

Don't repel her with her ardor, and command her to desist,
Just because life's cares are heavy, and some longed-for boon
you've missed.

Shame will overcome her longing for your kindness bye and
bye,

And she will become more distant in deportment when you're
nigh.

Then you'll think her love has ended, and your own will colder
grow,

Discontent will follow quickly, and unkindness both will show.
Thus divorce courts are kept busy. Then in time take my
advice,

Keep the fires of love still burning. You will find it awful nice.

SPEAK NOT UNKINDLY.

Speak not unkindly to the ones around the parent hearth.

Remember that true kindness is by far of greater worth.

In every way than words unkind to those most dear your heart.

If all would but remember this, unkindness would depart.

No doubt you think you'll gain a point by giving others pain,

But if you only knew the truth your loss is more than gain.

In some respects it may appear your point you've gained quite
well;

But if the hearts of all could speak, a diff'rent tale they'd tell.

A tale of fear and disrespect from helpless childhood, dear;

Instead of love and trustfulness, which should from there
appear,

And from your dear companion's heart, a tale of sheer disgust
Which covers up and hides away all former love and trust.

And your example, soon will be adopted, you will find

By other members of your home, who'll learn to be unkind

Unto each other day by day, and strife and discord reign

Supreme, where love should hold full sway without a single
stain.

And looking back in after years, when those dear ones have
gone

To never more return again, the truth will on you dawn,
And you'll regret, when all too late, the sowing of the seed
Of discord and contention where of love there was much need.

Sow not, then, seed of discord where true love should ever be.
Around about on every hand the fruits of this we see.
Sow not the seeds unless you wish a harvest of the same.
If words unkind escape your lips you, surely, are to blame.

TO MY LADY LOVE.

My dear, you are charming. I never before
Have met a young lady my heart could adore
With such admiration, with such perfect love,
As you have awakened, my sweet little dove.

My heart palpitates with emotion when you
With graces so manifold come to my view;
So fair in complexion, with bloom of the rose
Reflected from cheeks where true modesty glows.

With dark auburn tresses encircling your face,
Which none but yourself know so well how to place;
With ruby-like lips, and with teeth all of pearl,
You've gained my affection, my sweet little girl.

A nicer young lady, so tidy and neat,
It never has been my good fortune to meet;
So cheerful and happy from morning till night,
Your eyes sparkle ever with perfect delight.

So good to all living; so pure, and so true;
Your friends are galore, but your enemies few.
You scatter bright sunbeams wherever you go,
And harvest each day many more than you sow.

'Tis heaven on earth to be with you, my dear;
I'm never so happy as when you are near.
O will you this blessing bestow during life?
Say, will you become my own sweet little wife?

THE SHIFTING SANDS.

Some builders left a pile of sand upon the street one day.
Some little children found it out, and soon began to play.
I paused a moment in my walk to note them toss the sand
In hillocks which a zephyr's breath would scatter o'er the land.

Their joyous laughter rent the air, resounding far and near.
Like sunbeams on a Winter's day they filled my heart with
cheer.

Me thought how happy life would be for older folk, if they,
Like little children, would regard the acts of life all play.

And when air castles are brought low, they built with such
delight,

Bid care and worry all depart till fate would set things right..
And try again, and yet once more, with hopeful patience still.
Success is not achieved without a firm, determined will.

We'd think a child was badly spoiled, who took things all to
heart.

When crossed a little in its play; and yet, 'tis quite an art
For older hears to comprehend just how to do, as they
Expect the little folks to do when troubled in their play.

O for the power of the will emotion to control!
The Father waits most lovingly each sad hear tto console,
But 'tis for us to cast the oil of peace upon the wave;
The foaming billows then will cease, the life-boat then can save.

We each are here to play a part on life's relentless stage;
Our pile of sand may come to naught, which now our thoughts
engage,

But patience will prepare the way for happiness and peace,
Regardless of the cross we bear, till life on earth shall cease.

MY DONKEY CART.

My donkey cart—dear donkey cart,
With thee I'll never, never part
While water runs, or grass grows green,
Because of pleasures I have seen

While riding in thee by the side
Of one I hoped would be my bride;
But she has now gone back on me,
And left me all alone with thee.

The warmest corner of my heart
I've save for thee, dear donkey cart.
I know thou wilt those secrets keep
Told in thy presence; though I weep

When thinking of the time that came
When she refused to bear my name;
But got "stuck" on another chap;
'Twas then we had our little "scrap."

For the more you ponder on it deeper will your anger grow.
Do not let it thus o'ercome you if the peace of God you'd know.

Speak not evil, 'tis old Satan that thus tempts you to do so;
And if you thus yield unto him, from the path of right you'll
go,

For the Word of God has said it. You must overcome this sin
If you would be ever faithful to the love of God within.

Speak not evil, though the tempter has o'ercome a weaker saint.
To your fellowmen, don't tell it, but to God bring your com-
plaint,

Praying that He may deliver such a one from Satan's snare,
You will surely then forgive him when you offer up this prayer.

Speak not evil; leave the matter in the hands of God to fix,
For you'll be imbued with evil if with evil you thus mix.
God will fight your battles for you if unto Him you belong;
And your foe will bear His judgment if you o'ercome the
wrong.

Speak not evil, but remember when you're tempted thus, and
tried,

That the Lord beholds your sorrow through His angel by your
side,

And will speedily avenge you of all wrong your foe may do;
Only be ye ever faithful, and unto your trust be true.

AWAKE, LITTLE CUPID.

Awake, little Cupid; you're sleeping too long.
We need your assistance to keep us from wrong;
For since you deserted your post for a nap,
Divorce courts have, sure, been enjoying a "snap."

Awake, little fairie; get down to your work.
No longer must you from your duties thus shirk.
Make ready your time-honored quiver and bow;
True lovers unite as you did long ago.

Wake up and get busy, the world's gone to "smash."
Old Hymen, unaided, has "cut quite a dash"
Since you have been "snoozing," and many a pair
Have thus had their hearts filled with sorrow and care.

Their hands he has joined, but that's all he can do;
Their hearts, little fairie, are left all with you.
Unite them once more as you did long ago.
These "new-fangled weddings" are failures, you know.

You've been a "backbone" to connubial bliss,
 And while you thus sleep your assistance we miss
 To hold things in shape in domestic affairs;
 And that is why hearts are so burdened with cares.

O! for the old love that the world once enjoyed
 Before with divorcees it was so annoyed!
 When little ones' parents together would stay,
 And rear them unitedly day after day.

BE PLEASANT.

Just exchange that dark frown for a bright pleasant smile;
 You will find in the end it was well worth your while.
 Never mind how unpleasant your feelings may be;
 Do not fret o'er the wrongs that in others you see.

Though a friend to his trust has been proven untrue,
 And in selfish unkindness been false unto you,
 And you feel justified in avenging the wrong,
 Then reveal not this weakness. Be brave, and be strong;

And whenever you meet him be pleasant and gay,
 As though nothing was done that was out of the way;
 Thus ignoring the wrong, you will make him feel sad;
 And perhaps lead his footsteps away from the bad.

It is seldom you'll find one so hardened with sin
 That this usage will fail the wrong-doer to win.
 It is well worth your while to bring this to a test,
 Then you'll know for yourself if this way is not best.

Form the habit of being light-hearted and gay;
 Lay aside every murmur that comes in your way;
 And appoint yourself, now, a committee of one
 To undo all the mischief unkindness has done.

I'M SATISFIED.

I oft' have thought earth's woes were great;
 And sometimes have complained of fate;
 But now can say with humble pride,
 "God's will is just; I'm satisfied."

Regardless of what He may send,
 My will with His I now can blend;
 Though wishes be sometimes denied,
 Since 'tis His will I'm satisfied.

What is this life with all its store?
'Tis Passing by; 'twill soon be o'er;
Then, though by sin I oft' am tried
While on my way, I'm satisfied.

I'm lifted now above earth's care;
Supernal bliss is mine to share;
Though billows roll, and storms abide,
I worry not. I'm satisfied.

I'm now submissive to His will,
And while His wishes I fulfill
I'm sure with me he will abide,
Therefore my soul is satisfied.

He knows what is the best for me,
And while from sin I thus am free,
My every want will be supplied;
Then with His love I'm satisfied.

THAT GALLINIPPER.

You may talk of your "skeeters", your bed bugs and fleas,
And of all such wee critters as much as you please;
But they, sure, are no patchin' to somethin' I saw
While in wild Oklahoma for blood drops to draw.

Now, you see. I'd been told that the gall'nippers were
Only large sized muskeeters, and nothin' to fear;
And, though sometimes they'd bite, they would sing one to sleep
If sweet drowsiness over one ever could creep.

Well now friends you may think this a pretty big yarn,
But 'tis true all the same, or else I will be darn.
Yes, one day I went out with a hammer in hand,
With no thought of a danger near by, understand.

But e'er long I heard music so loud and so clear,
And the sweetest of any I ever did hear;
For a time, though, was puzzled to know whence it came,
Still, it nearer and nearer approached, just the same.

All at once, then, a cloud seemed to darken the sun.
I glanced upward just once, then, if I didn't run!
It was one of them gall-'nippers makin' for we.
Just in time I found shelter behind a big tree.

On he came with such power his bill went on through

That oak tree, and I clinched it. What else could I do?
But he fluttered and floundered so hard to get free,
That I feared he'd succeed, and again tackle me.

So I went for my rifle and fired at his eye.
It required many shots, though, before he would die;
But I saw at a glance that my fortune was made,
For the money he brought me laid all in the shade.

I first picked him, and filled twenty big feather beds.
(These are facts, for a falsehood my soul ever dreads.)
With his pelt, then, I bought forty sections of land,
And the ivory found in his mouth, understand,

Paid for labor, and fencing material, too,
To inclose the whole thing, for a ranch was in view.
With his beef, I stocked it with cattle galore,
Though the ranch was so large, there was room for no more.

Then his bones, when well dried, paid for houses, and men
To assist with the labor required there; and then,
With his photographs taken while flutt'ring there
I still make enough "dust" all expenses to bear.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

Where have you learned so many songs,
You darling little mocking bird?
And do you think each one belongs
To you, which I have just now heard?

You'd make believe that in your tree
A host of songsters of all kinds
Had met to hold a jubilee;
While each, by turn, his tune he finds.

Now I believe you borrowed them
From other birdies singing near;
While fitting there from twig to stem,
That you might thus more plainly hear.

O! tell me birdie, is this true,
And do you hope to make believe
So many birds are close to you?
You cannot thus my eyes deceive,

For in your tree 'mong leaflets green,
I plainly see you're quite alone;

No other birdies near are seen,
And so to me your trick is known.

But never mind what I may know,
You seem so happy near your nest;
Your joyful notes must outward flow,
While near the mate you love the best.

SPOOKS AND BURGLARS.

By mere chance I paid a visit to a friend, not long ago,
While her parents were both absent, though this fact I did
not know
Until after my arrival. But 'twas well for her I came,
Or she would have been so frightened, she could not have told
her name.

But, I must begin the story right side up, so you can see
Why she was so badly frightened, with a perfect right to be.
Both her parents on departing told her they'd be back that
night,
And we joined a picnic party, on that afternoon, so bright.

But at nightfall, on returning, found that we were quite alone;
For the housemaid had been given those few hours for her own
And she'd gone upon a visit, having not, as yet, returned.
But we, on investigation, found our faces badly burned

By the sun's rays falling on us while we sought to have our fun.
But we must undo the mischief wrought upon us by the sun;
So, with buttermilk ablution, 'ere retiring for the night,
Both of us prepared our faces, then with linen pure and white,

We, a mask prepared, to cover up our faces to prevent
It from rubbing off so badly. After this, to bed, we went.
We had holes cut in the linen for the eyes and nose, you see;
At the sight we thus presented both our hearts were full of
glee.

Soudly we had both been sleeping; just how long I can not say;
But, on suddely awaking, thought we heard not far away,
Sounds of foot steps in the building. Quickly both of us arose,
Still with masks upon our faces, save upon the eyes and nose.

Clad in long white night robes, only, each a lighted candle bore.
Thinking 'twas her parents coming, we desired to gain the lore
Gathered from the old folks' outing. But imagine our surprise,
When we reached them to discover burglars there before our
eyes.

And remember that Hymen and Cupid are two,
That the one can't perform what the other should do;
For the one joins the hands: but the other, the hearts,
And in this manner wedded life usually starts.

But alas! for fond hopes, 'tis too often the case,
That the marriage tie pushes true love from its place;
And usurps all authority over the pair,
Till but little true love is between them to share.

But these two little fairies should go hand in hand,
And be firmly united as partners, to stand;
All rebuffs, and reverses of fortune that may
Come along with the pleasures of life every day.

Thus the key to success with a partner for life
May be found by us all, and 'twill free us from strife,
If prenatal devotion we strive to maintain
In the same way we once tried the lover one to gain.

You could govern your temper when with her before
You were married, because she would show you the door
If you turned yourself loose. So you tried hard to please,
Now the days since you wed should be pleasant like these.

THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.

O! Father, grant them pardon, they know not what they do.
Thus prayed the blessed Savior, as there he hung in view,
Of those hard hearted soldiers who nailed Him to the cross.
So, of His grace to pardon, he suffered there no loss.

He set thus, an example of how we, too, should pray
When tempted, sore, with evil, that we go not astray;
When grace our souls enlighten, we wish the bad it, too,
Who may have done us evil. They know no good to do.

If they were but enlightened, as to their b
They'd cease such evil doing before 'twould
And follow after Jesus, and strive to do
Instead of seeking pleasures, their wishe

When imbeciles or infants to friendship
We pay them no attention; they know n
Just so we should regard it, when sin
Their minds with sin are darkened.

If we have God's pure Spirit to guid
For poor, benighted sinners we can r

That God may in His mercy look down upon them, too,
And give them understanding. They know not what they do.

O! let us, then, pray for them, that they may see the light,
And cease from doing evil, and learn to do the right;
With pity we should view them because they're in a snare,
And "Father, do forgive them," should be our daily prayer.

THE FIRE FLIES.

Once some drummers got together while awaiting for their
train,
And to pass the time more swiftly while they all must there
remain,
Got to telling of the wonders they had seen from day to day,
While the good recording angel turned about and walked away.

Each in turn had told his story, and received the due applause.
'Till it came unto the last one, who had from some unknown
cause,
Sat there silently reflecting, while the others had their fun,
Looking like a pious person. But at last he, too, begun.
"Boys, no doubt you won't believe me, and that's just the
reason why

I've so long withheld my story. But I never tell a lie;
'Twas out there in central Kansas, near a marshy piece of land,
I was drumming in the village, and I saw on every hand

When the evening came upon us fine electric lights around.
Now, this sight some what surprised me, for no wires were to
be found.
But a close investigation soon revealed a thing or two.
Now just give me your attention, and I'll tell you what is true.

All the streets, and stores and houses had this same electric
light.
One with ease could thread a needle any where, it was so
bright;
That it was an egg shaped **something** stuck upon a sharpened
stick.
Any one could soon discover, but **why brilliant**, not so quick.

An inquiry failed to give me any clue to why 'twas so;
For they said investigation was the best, if I would know;
So quite early in the morning I went out where I was told
This mystery unraveled, could quite easily behold.

When once there I could discover nothing but a piece of
ground,
Which apparently was marshy, with some chicken fence
around;
But on close investigation found some fire flies sleeping there,
With a little more instruction, of the truth I had a share.

Once a month they turned the chickens in this lot to eat the
flies,
There they spend a full day eating, and 'tis thus they gain
supplies
Of the bright electric fluid, to electrify the eggs,
And, so thoroughly it cooks them, that they stick upon the pegs.

When the button was presented, and the laugh had died away;
Then the cars were seen approaching; and they all, without
delay,
Made arrangements for departing, feeling better for the fun
They had there enjoyed together, with no harm to any one.

MY VISITOR.

Once a little visitor lit on my window sill,
While I was busy writing, and all within was still;
From one side to the other he turned his little head,
As if to say "Good morning," but "sweet" was all he said.

It was a feathered warbler who thus had called on me,
It filled my heart with comfort his happiness to see;
His Te Deum was sweetness. He sang it o'er and o'er,
And O! such funny antics I never saw before.

He'd sit and oil his feathers, and then play peek-a-boo,
As if to say I'm happy, and hope that you are, too;
Then gave his tail a shaking, and ever and anon,
Repeat the one wee sonnet his mind seemed placed upon.

He seemed so gay and cheerful, he bade my cares depart,
And taught a useful lesson, unto my troubled heart;
He does not borrow trouble from future doubts and fears,
The past is quite forgotten, and ne'er in mind appears

To cause him grief and sadness. He lives but for today,
With thus his heart unburdened he sings his joyful lay;
O! that I, too, like birdie, might be thus free from care,
Like him, let past and future my present thought not share.

I, too, then could be happy, and trust kind providence,
 For every needed blessing, until I go from hence;
 Unto my home up yonder, that is awaiting me,
 Where cares for past and future I never more shall see.

WHERE THEY SLEEP.

Near the center of the island of Key West there is a spot,
 Which the people of our Nation have, apparently, forgot;
 In the Potter's Field lie buried here, some heroes of the Maine,
 Who were murdered without warning by the treachery of
 Spain.

Here the sea, one half mile distant, may be seen on every hand,
 Stretching out in broad expansion, in majestic beauty, grand;
 O'er each grave still waves "old glory," faded now, and quite
 effete,
 Each near stems of faded flowers in a vase, once fresh and
 sweet.

But, unlike these outward tokens which have faded, it is seen,
 By the action of our country, that their memory is green;
 Dreary is the aspect 'round them, in their lonely place of rest,
 Where their friends in haste have left them, with a sadness in
 each breast,

Till their sanguine foes are conquered. But fair Nature will
 supply
 Interim, such grandeur 'round them, that on her we can rely
 To thus beautify their grave-yard, till the time has come for
 art
 With her lovely decorations, to step in and take a part.

Tropical in every feature are surroundings here about,
 Which have made the views most lovely, most of all, beyond
 a doubt.

At one side a massive cactus lifts its pulpy foliage
 High in air, while al about them floral trees in every stage

Of perfection cast their shadows, o'er the spot where they re-
 pose,
 And their petals, sweetly scented, on their graves each zephyr
 throws,
 Which are of the deepest scarlet; while upon another side
 Is a row of royal spruce pines, casting shadows far and wide.

THE LEGEND OF BABOUSHKA.

There's a legend of a woman told by sages long ago,
 Who, by mere procrastination, brought herself to endless woe;

This is how she chanced to do it, as the story has been told,
And by reading and reflecting, here a lesson, may unfold.

As the wise men followed after that prophetic brilliant star,
Which was set above to guide them to that land away so far,
Where the blessed infant Jesus in the manger cradle lay,
They approached unto a dwelling which was close unto their
way.

Here Baboushka then resided, and she kindly took them in,
Then they told her of their errand, and of what they hoped
to win;
And invited her to join them, on their journey to the place,
Where the infant King of Glory lay with smiles upon His face.

She replied that she'd go with them, if they'd only wait awhile,
Till she set her house in order, and could go in proper style;
But they had not time to tarry, and without her, started on,
When she was, at last, quite ready to depart, the men had gone.

And the star which shone above them, she no longer there
could see,
But she started out to find them, wond'ring where they now
could be;
And she still, so says the legend, is thus wand'ring here and
there,
Searching for those men of wisdom, and for what they hoped
to share.

TRUE LOVE IN TROUBLE.

In the balmy clime of Texas, where the Brazos river flows,
'Mong the ceaseless boughs of verdure, giving life where e'er
it goes;
Where the mistletoe and live oak, and the cacti may be seen.
With the tree moss in mid Winter, robed still in their hue of
green.

There beside its placid waters, in the cool refreshing breeze,
There I lingered long and pondered 'neath the boscage of the
trees;
Wond'ring why life seemed so rugged, and why it should in
the main,
Have so little of its blessings for the toiling mass to gain.

Then I looked around about me, and fair Nature seemed to
smile,
As I viewed her in her beauty, and she answered me, the while.

Gentle murmurs of the waters joined the songsters over head.
In their ceaseless strain of music. This is what fair Nature
said :

“Man might be forever happy, if to sin he would not yield,
If, like other things of Nature, trust to providence to shield
Him from trials that beset him, and from duty never swerve ;
With a hope of joys immortal, in sweet peace the Master serve.”

Then once more I looked about me, and behold ! a couple stood
Near the banks of this great river, rolling on with mission good,
Hand in hand there long they tarried, and conversed in gentle
tone ;

For this couple were two lovers, and supposed they were alone.

I could hear the two conversing, but was most too far away.
To discover, quite, their topic, but I saw they were not gay.
Yes, I saw their hearts were burdened over something most
severe :

As they talked their eyes would glisten with the ever falling
tear.

Long they stood there in their anguish, while the tears were
falling fast,

For their lives, once gay and hopeful now a gloom had over-
cast ;

As I still lay there secreted from their view, I saw them walk
To the river's very margin, and there ceased their troubled talk.

In a fond embrace he held her, while their lips in kisses met,
Looking up he cried “God pardon,” then his teeth seemed
firmly set ;

With their arms twined 'round each other, all at once they gave
a leap

From the bank into the river, 'neath the waters dark and deep.

For a moment, struck with horror at the suicidal deed.

I could not regain by senses. Then, from terror being freed,

I sprang quickly to the rescue of the maid, her hand to seize,
As the third time she was sinking, but to shore we came with
ease.

Then I laid her on the grasses, and sprang in to get the man
By this time he was unconscious, but we came to shore again.
Soon to consciousness returning both arose and took my hand,
Thanking me fore timely succor in thus bringing them to land.

Saying they had both repented of the deed, when 'twas too late,
After they were in the water, and death seemed to be their
fate ;

Then he told me their sad story, why they had agreed that life,
Was, by far, too great a burden, since she could not be his wife.

How they long had loved each other, and had hoped they might
be wed,
On some day still in the future, when support they had, he said;
Then he told me of his struggle. How a piece of land he gained.
How he manfully had labored till this home he had obtained.

When it was in his possession, paid for fully, and his own,
With a pleasant little cottage 'round which shade trees long
had grown;
He anticipated pleasure at the time he'd take his bride,
To this home so full of comfort, there with happiness to bide.

But there came a day of sadness. Just as things were most
complete,
Finding that the place was mortgaged, he could not such pay-
ments meet;
So the two agreed together that they there would end it all,
For they had become despondent, thus to have their plans to
stall.

Then I gently sought to soothe him, and the maiden at his side,
Bidding them to be more cheerful, for she yet would be his
bride;
Then we walked up to the village, where a letter he obtained
From the man who had so wronged them, stating that the
money gained

By the act could bring no pleasure, for his conscience could
not rest,
So, at last he had decided that to ease his aching breast,
He'd refund the money paid him, and besides present the two,
For a little wedding present, with the home they had in view.

And, to prove his hopes for heaven had been almost in a wreck,
For the full amount of money, he had sent along a check;
And the deed with mortgage lifted, leaving no encumbrance
there,
Was inclosed in this envelope, made unto this happy pair.

Soon the wedding bells were ringing, and despondency had fled,
Little did their benefactor know what bitter tears they shed;
And how near to death he'd brought them, by the coveting of
gold,
And they wished to keep it secret. So the story ne'er was told.

THE PRIZE WINNER.

One day within a shady grove,
I found the oddest little drove
Of feathered warblers I have yet,
In all my life time, ever met.

Unnoticed, I with care drew near
To see what was on hands, and hear
The carrol of each tuneful bird,
The sweetest I have ever heard.

Three judges sat upon a limb,
Full of importance to the brim;
A squirrel, mouse ad little bat
Upon the judges limb, there sat.

They had been chosen, don't you see,
For judges of the singing bee;
As to which bird could sing the best.
The winner then to build his nest

Among the chosen boughs of green,
The most delightful spot there seen;
While all the rest should meekly yield
Unto this bird, and clear the field.

So each, in turn, came, one by one,
And sang a tune, 'till all were done,
Except the mocking bird, who sat
There wisely winking at the bat.

Then, last of all, he took the stand.
And every tune he had at hand
that all the rest had sung that day,
And these were in his mind to stay.

So now from out his little throat,
The music glided note by note,
Of all those birds, the very same,
In perfect imitation came.

The judges soon found who had won
The prize, for it was nobly done;
And all the birdies gave consent,
That for this bird the prize was meant.

So now all gathered thickly 'round,
And O! 'twas joy to hear the sound;
As all in one melodeous strain,
Began to sing the sweet refrain.

To honor what they just had heard,
And serenade the mocking bird;
For imitating all the songs,
Each one believes to him belongs.

MOTHER IS DEAD.

Tread softly 'roud the quiet bed,
And speak in accents low;
Dear Mother's numbered with the dead,
O! we shall miss her so.

Ah! see! a smile is on her face,
And joy upon her brow;
Her heart was filled with God's pure grace,
And she is with Him now.

How can we bear to see the shroud,
And coffin be brought near;
But to God's will she ever bowed,
And so must we, my dear.

Ah! soon the sods must o'er her fall,
And hide from mortal view
Her body; but we ere shall call
To mind, our Mother, true.

Her winning smile, and gentle voice,
O! we shall miss so much;
But, then, we know 'twas God's own choice,
In heaven there are such.

Our home will seem a cheerless place,
For empty is her chair;
And we shall miss her love-lit face,
When at the eveing prayer.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I'm twenty years old, and have never, as yet, been of use to the
world,
But lived as a gay girl of fashion, with tresses all frizzed up
and curled;
A gay butterfly among flowers resembles the life I have led,
As fitting from flower to flower it knows not a sorrow or dread.
And lovers I've had by the dozen, with whom I would flirt for
a while,

And make them all think that I loved them, for fun, because
that was my style;
And then I would give them the mitten, and break their sad
hearts, if I could,
And then, setting cap for still others, for them to be duped, if
they would.

My father and mother so petted, and humored me, all of my
life,
It seemed that the world was all sunshine, for pleasures were
ever most rife;
But sadness at length came upon me, for Cupid had entered our
home,
And caused a dear sister to leave us, and with a gay lover to
roam.

Yes, when this dear sister got married, we hated to give her
up so,
But still, that was nought to the sorrow my heart was called
later to know;
The saddest distress that I ever, as yet, have been called on
to bear.
Was the death of a sister, beloved, which still fills my heart
with dull care.

God only can know how I loved her, And she was the oldest
of all;
In memory oft' I can see her just like she appeared, ere the call
Of death bade her leave us forever, while on this sad earth
we remain;
That day she was thus taken from us, I'll always remember
with pain.

She asked for dear father to raise her, to give her a chance
to behold
The sun rise from 'neath the horizon, with beauty which ne'er
can be told;
And when the desire he complied with, her dying eyes wandered
once more
Upon him, as she with hands icy clasped his, as she ne'er did
before.

And said, "will you meet me dear father in Heaven when this
life is past?"
With heart almost breaking with anguish, he answered with
tears flowing fast,
"Yes, Minnie, my darling, I'll meet you in that happy land
pure and bright,

There death cannot part us forever, nor sorrow true happiness
blight."

Then turning to me with entreaty, and eyes growing dimmer,
she said,

"O! Hattie, be a true, noble woman." Then closing her eyes,
she was dead.

O! how my heart ached with its sorrow, when this darling sister
thus died!

And when in the cold grave they laid her, it sure was deprived
of its pride.

One gay butterfly of the fashion, was shorn of its folly for aye,
For then I decided hence forward to go thus no longer astray;
But study to make myself useful, and be thus both noble and
true,

Then leaving my home and my lover, I've started in life, now,
anew.

Intending to spend my life nursing, and helping the sick and
distressed,

And go 'mong the poorest and humble to cheer there the sor-
rowing breast:

I pray God to help me go forward, in path ways of duty, for
aye,

For Minnie's last words have kept ringing within my sad ears
from that day.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, my darling, go to sleep,
May angel bands about thy bed
Their loving vigilance now keep,
And shield thee from all fear and dread.

Good night, my darling, may sweet dreams
Now be thy portion, till the light
Of morn once more upon thee gleams,
With pleasant radinace pure and bright.

Good night, my darling, Mother's kiss
Shall follow thee into dream land;
That land of wonder, full of bliss,
Where pretty fairies 'round thee stand.

Good night, my dear, may morning light,
Bring sunshine to thy little heart,
And may thy life be ever bright,
And ever free from Satan's dart.

Good night, my darling, thy pure soul
 Encourages my onward way;
 May God's pure spirit keep thee whole,
 That from the right thou wilt not stray.

Good night, my darling, go to rest,
 I leave thee in the angels care;
 Now fold thy hands upon thy breast,
 For you have said your little prayer.

THE JAY HAWK DUDE.

The Jay Hawk dude's a dandy,
 Of this there's no mistake;
 He's well supplied with candy,
 When e'er he seeks to make

A "mash" on some fair lady,
 On whom he's badly "stuck";
 He finds some nook that's shady,
 And there he tries his luck.

He first takes out some candy,
 And treats the lady there;
 Then next finds soft words handy,
 To lure her in love's snare.

He puts his arm about her,
 And vows he cannot live
 Another year without her,
 Then says his life he'd give

To get but one wee token,
 That he her heart had gained;
 To hear but one word spoken,
 To prove this boon attained.

A Kansas dude's a dandy,
 You may just bet on that;
 With cigarette and candy,
 Beneath a stove pipe hat.

A BIRTHDAY.

Bring forth the birth-stone ring once more,
 To decorate the hand,
 Of her whose teens today are o'er,
 Yes, bring the opal band.

And let us celebrate the day
 With feasting, and with mirth;
For nineteen years have flown away
 Since this dear one had birth.

Quite reticent she ever seems,
 Yet always has her way;
As she's the youngest, no one dreams
 Of making her less gay.

She is a blonde, with eyes of blue,
 And cheeks like roses, red;
With tresses of a golden hue,
 And many beaux are led

By those bright orbs, and other charms,
 To seek her hand and heart;
But still she comes not to their arms,
 These blessings to impart.

But when the right one comes her way,
 With Cupid at his side;
May she have many birthdays gay,
 When she has been a bride.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

The star of hope is shining upon me from above,
Revealing brightest visions of that pure land of love;
The veil of flesh seems lifted from o'er my mortal sight,
Translucent shadows scatter because it is so bright.

Those golden streets I'm viewing, where happy angels walk,
In purest robes of whiteness, and hear them sweetly talk;
On happy themes, immortal, so free from care and strife,
O! how I long to join them and quit this mortal life.

The star of hope is brilliant, I seem to be most there,
I seem to hear sweet music, come floating through the air;
'Tis music of the angels who sing around God's throne,
Who constantly adore Him, where sin is never known.

I seem to hear Christ's welcome, and see His smiling face,
As, for the throne of glory, I leave the throne of grace;
And angels whisper softly, into my list'ning ear.
"The Savior's love is boundless, You have no cause to fear."

The star of hope will guide me, through this dark veil of tears.
I'll keep my eye upon it, and cast away all fears;

No harm shall dare befall me, with this bright star in view,
No cloud shall hide it from me, while to Him I am true.

Some times my path seems darkened, when I look down to
earth,
But gold that won't stand testing is of but little worth;
And if I but prove faithful, and patiently endure,
The star of hope will guide me, to that bright land, I'm sure.

LITTLE ELSIE'S MISFORTUNE.

Sweet little Elsie, five years old,
One day become so very bold,
She climber upon a ladder, high,
To try to reach the pretty sky.

But soon her feet began to slip,
Her little hands forgot to grip,
And down she came upon the ground,
One arm was broke, her mamma found,

Who sat right down to hold it tight,
Till doctors came to set it right.
But Elsie's heart soon filled with fear,
The broken limbs of dollies, dear,

Was all she knew of such things yet,
"O! mamma will they get it set,
Before the sawdust all runs out?"
Asked she as she began to pout.

"I'll hold it tight till they are here;
But darling, that you need not fear,
Your arms are of a diff'rent style,"
Her mamma answered with a smile.

BACHELORHOOD.

O, I'm a jolly batchelor, I'm happy all the day.
I have no wife to "chew the rag" at what I do or say;
I go to bed when e'er I will, and 'rise just when I please,
I have no shrew to "hen peck" me, or babes to squall and tease.

I go to see the pretty girls, when ever I may choose,
And when I wish to have such fun, the chance I need not lose
To please a jealous wife at home, who might not this endorse,
I would not change this happy state, I would not for a horse.

Oh! just to think how free and gay, this life I've chose to live,
I pity all the married men, true sympathy I give;
For if they wish to go abroad, the wife must go along,
To witness all that may be done, and say what's right or wrong.

And every "kid" that's on the place, must either go, or squall,
But thanks unto my lucky stars! there's none 'round me to
bawl.

I cook and eat, and come and go, and rest when I get tired.
I do just as I please each day. What more could be desired?

Especially -
In short, I am a happy king, I rule my home, you see,
No wife or babes to interfere, or boss, and squall 'round me;
And so I guess I'll call it square, and never change my lot;
For many men there are who have, then sadly wished they'd
not.

MARRIED LIFE.

O! how happy is my life,
Since I've taken me a wife;
You may talk of single bliss,
But 'twill not compare with this.

For, you see, I've tried them both,
And I'd say upon my oath,
That, so far as I'm concerned,
I think pleasure is well earned,

With all things considered well,
Going with a charming belle;
When you take her for a ride,
It is pleasant by her side.

But when at her father's gate,
You're reminded that 'tis late,
And, reluctantly you turn,
Homeward bound, 'tis then you learn

That the road is long and dark,
When alone on such a "lark";
Then, perchance, when next you meet,
She'll be smiling awful sweet

On another gay young beau,
Then your fate you soon may know;
But, thank fortune! now I'm done
With such nonsense, for I've won

My best girl to be my bride,
 Now she's ever by my side;
 When I come, and when I go,
 And I fear no other beau.

Three short years have come and gone,
 With our double harness on;
 And together we still trot,
 Through the cold, or when 'tis hot.

With a babe now on each knee,
 When the day is o'er, you see,
 I can find much joy in life,
 While my busy little wife

Clears the supper things away.
 Work is done, then, for the day,
 Then we have a pleasant chat,
 For a while, but not a spat

Ever mars our wedded bliss;
 There's a secret in all this,
 Shall I tell you why 'tis so?
 She's my best girl still, you know.

KANSAS CYCLONES, AND OTHER MARVELS.

Once a Kansan in New Jersey, got to telling of the wind,
 And its freaks in sunny Kansas, while the others sat and
 grinned;
 Though, of course, the stories told them, it would never do to
 doubt,
 For veracity of Kansans we could never do without.

Said the old man in beginning, "Once a cyclone struck near by
 Where I was, and took a straw stack, (Now this fact none can
 deny),
 And just two miles off it dropped it. Then contrary to the law
 Governing all Kansas cyclones, there rebuilt it, straw by straw,
 So that not a living person, from appearance, could have
 known,
 Even there in windy Kansas, that a cyclone there had blown.
 At another time a "twister" visited a Kansas town,
 And before it had departed, it most surely gained renown.

For a hogshead of molasses had been set beside a door,
 There awaiting some convenience to be taken in the store;
 Well sir, just as true as gospel, every drop of treacle went

With that cyclone, to the neighbors, where some buckets which
where meant

To receive the mornings milking, when the milk man came
around,

And draped down right in them buckets, every where one could
be found

Sitting out beside a building; till the town was well supplied
From one side unto the other. (Now this fact can't be denied.)

Not one drop of it was wasted; and the hogshead kept its place,
Just as though 'twas too disgusted to desire to join the race.

Cyclones there are very common. Once one came not far from
me;

And the woe it left behind it was heart rending, quite, to see.

Blowed the cracks from all the fences, pulled a cistern from the
ground,

Moved a township line some distance, so it never could be
found;

Then, as if not yet contented, but more mischief still would
seek.

It went still a little farther. Changed the days that make a
week,

So that Sunday came on Wednesday, and thus drove a preacher
mad.

For he could not stand the pressure on his brain, he was so sad;

O! it was a dreadful cyclone, of this fact there's no mistake.

Even now, as I recall it, terror makes my stomach ache.

But the first cyclone in Kansas which it was my lot to see,

Was, by far, to me most start'ling; or, at least, it seemed to be.

I went down into the cellar just like all the others did,

Thinking I was there securely, from the elements, thus, hid.

But in this I was mistaken, soon the house was blowed away.

And the cellar followed after, so of course I could not stay

Like a ball it got to rolling, and ere long it spilt me out

For the hole left, I then started, thinking that beyond

In it I could find some shelter. But just think of

When I reached the place I left it, to find it, too, blown away

Without any intermission, for twelve days and nights the
known.

At a thousand knots an hour, winds in Kansas to have blown.

And hold sheep in air suspended up ag'in the stables there,

Till they died from shere starvation, for they could receive no
care;

But I tell you, that's the country for the farmers to get rich,
Money grows on little bushes, in the gardens 'round, and sich.

Crops are often there so heavy that they make whole townships sink,
Several feet right in the center. And they crowd so. Only think!
Frequently the crops have crowded county lines far out of place,
And they grow without much labor. Plant, and crops will grow apace.

All must, sure, speak well of Kansas. Once a fellow failed in
this,
And he was not long in finding he had wandered far amiss;
After that when he'd be passing every tater'd wink an eye,
And the beets would blush from chagrin, when they knew that
he was nigh.

Every onion would grow stronger, and the corn pricked up its ears.
Shocked would be adjacent oat fields, and the sky would melt in tears;
Every foot of ground was kicking, and the tall rye stroke its beard.
O! he had a hard time of it, till his grumbling disappeared.

Once a fellow raised some popcorn. Then he put it in the bin. But the lightning settled quickly when the popping should begin. Soon it covered just ten acres, and an old mare standing by, Thinking 'twas a Summer snowstorm, froze to death, without a sigh.

O! I tell you sunny Kansas is a marvel of a state,
But big liars never venture on its soil, as sure as fate;
Everybody there is truthful. I'm a specimen, you see.
And I could not tell a falsehood; Not for anything; Not me."

MY CHILDREN.

I have a child, a little girl,
Whose age is just four years to day;
About her head the tresses curl,
'Mong which the zephyrs love to play.

Her winning way, and gentle smile,
Cause many friends to wish her near;

And many are her kisses, while
The loving arms embrace my dear.
Another little girl have I,
Some older than the other one;
And on her love I can rely,
From early morn, till day is done.
Her pure young life, so free from sin,
Encourages my onward way;
O! that I was so pure within,
As this sweet child, from day to day.
O! may it be my happy lot,
To rear my children in the way
That they should go, so they will not
Cause deep regret, some future day.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The world may turn its back to one,
And make the most of evil done;
It makes no odds what may befall,
A mother's love lives through it all.
Though fortunes fail, and friends be few,
With mother it is just the same,
And trusted friends all prove untrue,
A mother's love can out live fame.
But if fair Fortune, with a smile,
May lead you by the hand awhile;
Some may begrudge the luck you see,
Yet mother's love the same will be.
Behind repulsive prison walls,
Instead of in the senate halls,
A mother's love, a mother's prayer,
Can reach a loved one, even there.
This passion is divinely born,
And when it does the earth adorn,
It should, with reverential pride,
Be cherished more than all beside.

THERE'S ROOM AT THE TOP.

Though some others succeed well in making a name,
That is no reason why you should stop;

For none yet ever mounted the ladder of fame,
Up too high to leave room at the top.

Although in your vocation you strive to excel,
And then upward a rival may pop,
And go bare of the laurels, when you did so well:
Then, take courage; there's room at the top.

O! yes, grow not despondent, but try, try again,
Although failure came with the first hop;
Perseverance you'll find is an excellent plan,
For there's always more room at the top.

There has no one yet ever succeeded so well
In what ever great sea he might flop;
But what truth will stand ready at all times to tell,
Other people "there's room at the top."

There is room for improvement in all that we do,
And this fact should remain a firm prop,
To assist us to stand, till success we shall view,
For there's plenty of room at the top.

Although votaries to your vocation may flock,
Till it seems there's an over plus crop,
Of the kind that is yeaped the old scrubby stock,
Then, remember, there's room at the top.

GRASS HOPPERS OF 1874.

Here come the self invited guests to dine with us to day,
The length of time the grub holds out decides how long they'll
stay;

Their motto is "Pitch in, my boys, no time for saying grace,
We'll eat what is before us spread, and then we'll leave the
place."

" 'Tis turning dark. It soon will rain," some green horn has
declared.

"Ah! no, you fool," another said, "you need not be so scared;
Just shade your eyes, and look above, and you can plainly see
'Tis hoppers flying through the air as thick as they can be."

Fair Nature spread the table cloth of green upon the sward,
And man spread out the tempting feast. They're come to claim
reward:

Like Quantrell's band of other days, they say not, "By your
leave,"

But all pitch in and help themselves; nor care whose heart they
grieve.

The air is full from earth to sky, till there's no room for more,
And when they leave a spot, 'tis bare as any polished floor;
Where once lay smiling fields of corn, and waving oats and
wheat,
They came not here to be polite, but simply, just to eat.

And eat they did, I do declare, not only growing grain,
But where all vegetation grew, not one thing did remain;
And after they had eaten up all herbage that was green,
Great holes in farmers tools they made. 'Tt this they oft' were
seen.

Some farmers dug some trenches 'round their fields to drive
them in,
Intending soon to burn them up, and thus the vict'ry win;
But others came so thick around to tend their comrade's pyre,
The farmers had to give it up, and yield to their desire.

Where one would light, another would, and o'er his body creep,
Until they'd pile against a wall quite often six feet deep;
It was a marvel to behold. A sight not soon forgot.
Unwilling farmers gave them food. It was their hapless lot.

They even stopped the railroad trains, like bandits fierce for
gore,

By greasing up the track so sleek that ears could run no more;
They cared not for the oaths that rent the balmy Summer air,
As trainmen had to clean the track, or else remain right there.

But when there was no more to eat, they all skedaddled out,
With no compunction for their deed. With conscience clear, no
doubt;

While sulphur fumes from hades that day, sure followed in
their wake,

From throats of those whose guests they'd been, whose hearts
were made to ache.

THE NARROW WAY.

It is easy to walk in the well beaten track
Where so many have passed on before;
Although none who have gone ever yet have turned back
To reveal what the end has in store.

When the weather is fair it is pleasant to float
Toward the mouth of the river, so great;
Though the cataract roars just ahead of the boat,
The poor novice thinks not of his fate.

It is easy and pleasant to do as we're taught,
And to follow the lead of some one
Who may think he's discovered the way that we ought
All to go, till the race we have run.

There are many such leaders 'mong people we find,
With each having some hobby to ride;
And they each many followers gain, bear in mind,
From 'mong those who lay prudence aside.

And endeavor to get to their home in the sky,
While they're carnally minded, and vile;
Thus, the blind, to be led, on the blinder rely,
All because 'tis the pleasantest style.

But the Lord marked the way with His blood we should go,
If we'd gain the bright haven at last;
'Mong the thorns and the boulders of life here below,
With carnality left in the past.

Let us, then, make an effort to follow His lead,
And let all of the schisms go by;
For the things non essential to peace we don't need,
Since they'll do us no good when we die.

But the time that is given us here we should use,
In preparing a character, pure;
For 'tis this in the end, will commend or accuse,
Every soul before God, I am sure.

Let us lay all carnality by, and accept
Of the Spirit of God in its stead;
For 'tis thus, by His grace, from all sin we are kept;
And 'tis thus by His hand we are led.

This is what by example the Savior did teach,
And by precept He taught us the same;
And if we, the poor sinners about us would reach,
By the gospel of peace, in God's name;

Then we, too, must be like the Great Pattern in this,
Having on the whole armor of God;
Then the soul will be filled with ecstatic bliss,
Though we oft' feel the chastening rod.

And we'll show to the world by the lives that we live,
What the Spirit of Jesus can do;
Thus the light of true life unto others we'll give;
While this sin-darkened world we pass through.

IT IS ONLY IN THE MIND.

What's the use of having trouble as we journey through this
life?

Surely we can not enjoy it as when happiness is rife;
What if some things fail to please us, and some people prove
unkind?

Let us cast each burden from us, It is only in the mind.

Form a firm determination that unpleasant thoughts must go,
Drive them from you with out question, as you would a hostile
foe;

They and happiness will never stay together, you will find,
You may have a choice between them, it is only in the mind.

Thoughts have entity that's real, although not incarnate here,
Quite as real as the body, and with vision far more clear;
That is what controls emotions, leaving often far behind
Those which might be bringing pleasure, for 'tis only in the
mind.

But all thoughts, both sad and pleasant, through the power of
the will,

May be banished or be harbored, with a mission to fulfill;
Pleasant thoughts will cause emotions which will always closer
bind.

Human hearts and make them happy, it is only in the mind.

While unpleasant thoughts will scatter happiness and peace
away,

Such emotions bring no pleasure, then to harbor them won't
pay;

Power of the will can banish such things if we're not too blind,
To discover how to use it, for 'tis only in the mind.

Other people, independent of your will, may think and do,
But your self, alone, may conquer all your thoughts, and ac-
tions, too;

If you'll only learn to do it life will cease to be a grind
Cast each trouble, then, behind you; it is only in the mind.

CUPID AT WORK.

It was Summer's evening twilight,
And, all nature sought repose;
Save the wand'ers of the night,
And the fragrance of the rose.

And the moon, in queenly beauty,
Took possession of her throne;

To preside, and do her duty,
 With fair Nature all her own.

Then sly Cupid from his hiding,
 'Neath the pansies on the lawn;
 Full of mischief, swiftly gliding
 To the place where they had gone

To the flower garden walking,
 For a pleasant evening stroll;
 Saw them tripping, gaily talking,
 Till they reached a little knoll,

Where the zephyr's soft caresses
 Stealing up with easy grace,
 Played amid her soft brown tresses
 Tossing them from place to place.

Little Cupid slipped behind them,
 With his arrow and his bow.
 "Now," thought he, "I closer bind them,
 Ere my presence they shall know."

Then, out sped the little arrow,
 Piercing through the manly heart;
 And, although 'twas small and narrow,
 It quite well performed its part.

Looking now upon the maiden,
 Standing near, so fresh and fair;
 This man's heart was with love laden,
 And he kissed her then and there.

Turning quickly to resent it,
 And to ask the reason why;
 She discovered that he meant it,
 From the sparkle of his eye.

Then sly Cupid, quickly turning,
 Just to make his work complete:
 Set the fire of love to burning,
 In her soul, so pure and sweet.

Then the zephyrs, softly sighing,
 As they bore the fragrance by;
 Kissed her cheek, then onward flying,
 Told another who stood nigh.

For her naughty baby brother,
 Had, unseen, secreted near;

Who protested that no other,
But himself, should kiss the dear.

With some petting, and some candy,
He, at last was coaxed to say,
He would try to find it handy,
Not to give the thing away.

THE DEVIL IN TROUBLE.

The Devil one day got permission to write,
A piece for the paper, to be brought to light;
The following week, so the gossipers say,
And thus he at once became happy and gay.

He made up his mind he would try to excel,
In comical stories, and did it so well
He got himself into a terrible scrape,
At first he thought, sure, he was in a bad shape.

I'll try to tell how all his troubles began,
A devil with printers, you know, is a man;
You see, when 'twas brought to the editors view,
He started to read it, to see if 'twould do.

He read a few lines, and then started to smile,
But smiling was not very long in the style;
A grin very soon pushed the smile from its place,
His mouth covered more than one half of his face.

And soon with convulsions of laughter he shook.
Till he, at the paper no longer could look;
Then next, in a fit, he fell down on the floor,
He whooped and he yelled, and he rolled o'er and o'er.

The Devil came up and attended to him,
With visage in sadness all sour and grim;
Because he must pay all the funeral bill,
For writing a piece that was funny to kill.

MY ENGAGEMENT.

I once was engaged to a beautiful maid,
Whose loveliness laid all the rest in the shade;
And O! she was fond of the candy, you know,
You see it is costly to be a girl's beau.

But then I felt sure I was fully repaid,
The candy was sweet, but far sweeter the maid;
To hug and to kiss her was heaven below,
For I was clear gone on her beauty, you know.

The time that she promised that she would be mine,
 It made me so happy the sun seemed to shine;
 With double the brightness it e'er did before,
 And fancy, with fondness, laid pleasures in store.

I sweetened her up with some candy one day,
 So sweet that I lost her, and that didn't pay;
 She smole a sweet smile on a rival, you know,
 He found her so sweet that he soon was her beau.

I guess now I'm doomed to old batchelor hood,
 I'm so broken up the girls say I'm no good;
 Because my poor heart has been broke all to smash,
 And hopes, once so high, now brought down with a crash.

LET IT PASS.

When insults are heaped upon you, and your patience sorely
 tried,
 Do not yield unto the tempter. He on whom saints have relied,
 Will give aid in time of trouble; if you, too, are of this class.
 Do not, then, resent the evil. Let it pass. O! let it pass.

And if disappointments hover ever near you in this life,
 When you think, with all your efforts, that fruition should be
 rife;
 May be God has not so willed it, that great wealth you should
 amass;
 But has something better for you. Let it pass, then. Let it
 pass.

Yes, it might be you'd grow carnal, and forget to serve the
 Lord,
 If decrees of Fate at all times with your wishes would accord;
 This life will not last forever. It is said to be like grass,
 Which appears, ere long to vanish. Let it pass, then, let it
 pass.

If you suffer from wrong doings of your fellow creatures here,
 And your heart is filled with sadness, do what's right, and
 never fear;
 Then God's Spirit will be with you, and your foes will all, alas!
 When it is too late, regret it. Let it pass, then let it pass.

Though the trials evil doers bring upon us here below,
 Are to test our love to Jesus, that our own hearts we may know;
 Yet, they will not go unpunished. They, with others of their
 class
 Will be lost, unless they're pardoned. Let it pass, then; let it
 pass.

DESCRIPTION OF A WILD FIRE IN PIONEER DAYS.

O! look yonder in the distance at those curling wreathes of
smoke!

'Tis a wild fire! Lord protect us. Yea, Thy aid we now in-
voke;

Here John, yoke the oxen quickly, and in haste some furrows
plow,

For the fire is drawing nearer, and the wind is stronger now.

Mary get some water ready, and some rags and matches, too,
For we'll have a desp'rate struggle ere with dangers we are
through;

For the grass is tall, and withered by the hot October's sun,
And 'tis burning just like tinder, faster than a horse can run.

Here, give me a match, now hurry, and the rags with water wet
Elsie, go back where 'tis safer. You're too small to help us
yet;

Look! that fire will cross the furrow. Take that wet rag to it
now,

It would be beyond our power if it crossed but once, I vow.

Haste! the wild fire is approaching swiftly, and with dreadful
roar.

See the red tongues darting upward like bold deamons fierce
for gore.

O! Lord help us to make ready. There is now no time to spare.
Can we get the back fire finished? Where is Elsie, tell me,
where?

In the flurry and excitement thoughts of baby passed away,
There she is! She just has fallen in the fire! Lord help, I
pray;

Now we hasten to our darling. In her hand she's holding yet
Rags to aid, the fire, to conquer; with her rags and clothing
wet.

Heaven bless her, this has saved her. Saved her from a death
by fire,

In the water she'd been playing; then to help us had desire;
Had the smoke not curled so thickly we'd have seen her long
ago,

And, in time, had we not missed her, each heart would have
filled with woe.

Now the flames have spent their fury; leaving blackness in
their wake,

Passing 'round and rushing onward, with no loss for us to
make;

And, in gratitude for safety, down we knelt in humble prayer.
Thanking God for His protection in that time of danger, there.

CRAVING FREEDOM FROM BEDLAM.

O! freedom, sweet freedom! I long so for thee,
 When will thy rich blessings return unto me?
 I long to regain thee, and call thee my own;
 And feel as of yore, ere restrain I had known.

Behind these repulsive, grim bars I must wait,
 Until thy return, and submit to my fate;
 Where groans, and wild shrieks of the belamites near,
 Quite frequently fills me with horror and fear.

Around me I see only woe and distress,
 It seems but few comforts can come here to bless;
 The poor stricken souls who are brought here to dwell,
 They seem but fair samples of spirits in hell.

Between these cold, merciless, bars I can view
 The landscape in beauty, where freedom, so true,
 Still reigns with out question o'er Nature, so grand,
 Where sun shine and zephyrs abound on each hand.

O! for the sweet freedom to roam at my will,
 Amid the bright flowers o'er valley and hill;
 To hear the glad earrol of songsters in air,
 And feel that I, too, perfect freedom can share.

Repining is useless. They say I am mad,
 I feel, O! so lonely to day, and so sad;
 My God in Thy merey look down upon me,
 And grant that I may from this prison go free.

BLESSED JESUS!

Blessed Jesus! tis sufficient for my happiness to know ,
 That His Spirit is abiding with me, where so e'er I go;
 That his watehful care is o'er me to proteet me from all harm.
 I am leaning, daily leaning on his Omnipresent arm.

Blessed Jesus! O! what blessings he bestows on mortals here,
 With His Holy Spirit guiding, bidding them to never fear;
 Trusting only in His power, and His love to take them through,
 They are freed from every sorrow that may strive to come to
 view.

Blessed Jesus! where besides Him could I find a faithful
 friend?
 Who could know each secret sorrow better, or more aid extend?
 Who could love my soul more faithful than He who once gave
 His life,
 To redeem it back to glory from this world so full of strife?

Blessed Jesus! He will love me though all friends of earth
forsake,
I can trust His love forever, for no promise He will break;
And His love is O! so tender. Nought on earth can 'er
compare,
E'en a mother's love sinks 'neath it. O! what boundless love
is there.

Blessed Jesus! He has promised all things shall together work,
For my good, if I but trust Him, though dark evils near me
lurk;
I will use the means He gives me, to procure life's blessings
great,
Then in meekness, fully trusting, for His blessings I'll await.

Blessed Jesus! He will keep me ever in His watchful care,
I will ever seek His blessings in the attitude of prayer;
Till He sends the message for me to come home beyond the sky,
Then I'll sing His praise forever where no evil can come nigh.

A BOX OF CANDY.

I bought a box of candy to sweeten up my girl,
Just for the grand occasion the question to propose;
With fears of a rebuttal my thoughts were in a whirl,
But how to give girls candy, a lover only knows.

It sweetens up the temper as nothing else can do.
And makes them gay and cheerful, no matter what is said;
You see, I'm one that's tried it, and know this to be true,
With out a box of candy the mitten I would dread.

So, with a box of candy I went the other day,
To see my little sweetheart, and there to try my luck;
With this I was successful. Her heart was light and gay
While she was eating candy. On candy she is stuck.

I wound my arms around her, and took her on my knee.
As soon as my good candy began to take effect;
And told her how I loved her; and asked her if she'd be
For life, my gay companion. Said she, "O! I expect."

The candy, sure, had won her. So now I am engaged,
Without the sugar candy, I would not this have tried.
No doubt at my proposal she would have been enraged,
But now, because of candy, she soon will be my bride.

MY COMFORTER.

I sat despondent near my door,
 And all my trials pondered o'er;
 I felt as blue as indigo,
 And what to do, I did not know.

To cast this awful gloom away,
 Of hope, I had not one bright ray;
 And this dark cloud of grim despair,
 Seemed settled 'round me every where.

Until at last a meadow lark,
 Bade me unto his sonnet hark;
 He sat out side quite near my door,
 And such sweet music ne'er before

Was wafted to my list'ning ear,
 He bade all sadness disappear;
 "Cheer up! cheer up!" he seemed to say.
 "Like me, be ever blithe and gay."

He seemed an angel from above,
 His little heart seemed full of love;
 As there he sat and sang to me,
 Therefore sweet peace I soon could see.

He has his trials, too, I know,
 Like all things living here below;
 And yet, he seemed so light and gay,
 He scattered all my cares away.

A PROFOUND SECRET.

Young Hobson loved a pretty maid. Her name was Lucy Weiss.
 And many gay young fellows thought this girl was awful nice;
 For she was quite the regnant belle among her set, they say,
 And Hobson feared another chap might cut him out some day.

She promised to be his, all right, but still she was so mean
 She quite refused to leave her ma, until she was eighteen;
 She was but sixteen years of age. Two years must come and go,
 Before he'd have his fears assuaged about another beau.

And he must leave the city, too to follow up his trade,
 He could not bear the awful thought of parting with the maid;
 And so he put his wits to work to study up a plan.
 To feel secure while thus away, about another man.

So they agreed between themselves to wed that very night,

And keep it secret from the world, till time would set things
right;

So off they went, and got the knot between them firmly tied.
He now felt sure good luck would be forever by his side.

Her mother shared her bed that night, as on the nights before;
While he went to his room again, with happy thoughts, galore.
The early morning train, next day, bore him toward Tennessee,
Where he could follow up his trade, and quite contented be.

The license clerk was not aware that "mum" must be the word,
And so 'twas not so very long till every one had heard
The news, who cared at all to read the papers of the day,
The bride must bear the joke alone. The groom is far away.

WHY NOT I?

Jesus suffered many sorrows while He sojourned here below,
And with sin He oft' was tempted, that He thus might fully
know

How to succor us in pity, when temptation draweth nigh,
Then, since Christ for me thus suffered, O! my soul, why should
not I?

And He bore it all with patience, while he suffered thus for me,
Thus He set me an example how my life should ever be;
Then with patience I will suffer. Evil thus I will defy;
Since with fortitude He suffered, why with patience can not I?

Though my path seems rough and thorny, Jesus trod this path
before,

By His aid each foe I'll conquer till this mortal life is o'er;
He has promised to be wiwth me. On His aid I can rely,
Yes, He trod this rugged pathway. Let me ask, then, why
not I?

O! then why should I dare murmur at the trials that I meet?
Gold, by fire is tried and proven, thus in value made complete;
If I cannot bear the testing, I'm unfit to dwell on high,
But since He bore all with patience, for my soul, I'll surely try.

Trusting in his blessed promise in His Word, made unto me,
That all things shall work together for my good, if I am free
From the snares of Satan ever, I will cease o'er cares to sigh,
Since He bore such sorrows for me, why for Him, then should
not I?

THE BOILING SPRINGS.

In the sunny land of Kansas, near the center of the state,
With its wide and rolling prairie, where the coyote woos its
mate;

Where the prairie dogs have dwelling with the rattle snake,
and owl,
And the prairie chicken strutting, seems the peer of any fowl.

There I wandered forth one morning with my host and hostess,
kind,
And a lot of gay companions for the boiling springs to find;
For I'd heard that not far distant were those wonders to be
seen,
Where the water bubbled upward 'mid the sheeny grasses
green.

With a luncheon well provided for the feasting at noon tide,
Forth we started, gay and cheerful o'er the land scape long
and wide;
'Mong the waving sea of flowers, in their beauty rich and rare,
And the sweetly scented zephyrs of the balmy Summer air.

I must not forget to mention what we saw upon the way,
For the scene seemed ever varied where-so-e'er the eye would
stray;

Here and there we spied a corn field, laden with the growing
crop,
Then again the prairie flowers tempting us, for them, to stop.

Now it is a sandy desert looming up before the view,
Where the bright sand reigns supremely, in its beauty rich and
true;

Looking like a sea of water, as it glistens in the sun,
Not a spear of grass to question all the glory it has won.

Now it is a grassy pasture, where the hungry cattle graze,
Next, we find the great salt marshes looming up before the
gaze;

Where the alkali, forbidding all encroachment to the grass,
Hoards the sunbeams falling on it, like a hot bed under glass.

Here the bison oft' has wandered; and the "red skins" in the
chase,

Used to haunt these places ever. Stealing up with easy grace
On the game with bow and quiver, as they licked and wallowed
there,

Often here are still found arrows, made of flint with greatest
care.

But, once more we hasten onward, for the springs we wish to
see,

Are before us in the distance, ever boiling up with glee;
Now a pasture we have entered which is fully ten miles wide,
Where the herds of long horned cattle, as we pass them, turn
aside.

Now a guide has joined our number to reveal the boiling
springs,
Where the bubbling sound of water, with sweet music, ever
rings;
Lo! we see far in the distance here and there large sheets of
white,
These are, surely, lakes of water, glist'ning in the brilliant
light.

"No, 'tis but the beds of flowers, which profusely grow about,
Only beds of silver thistles" we are told, "beyond a doubt."
But we still are guided onward, till the springs are now in
sight,
Bubbling up in ceaseless murmurs. Sparkling in the sunbeams
light.

While the lovely water lilies with their fragrance fill the air,
Finding root along the margins, for the water that is there;
Even where 'tis boiling upward, is as cold as in a well.
Why it thus is ever boiling, none are wise enough to tell.

THE CAVERN BY THE SEA.

In the South Pacific ocean where the Tonga islands lie,
Is an isle they cyleped Hoonga, where the waves dash fiercely
by;
Near the shore of this fair island is a cavern 'neath the ground,
Which by chance, quite accidental a young Chieftain one day
found.

And, to reach its only entrance one must dive beneath the sea,
Far beneath the foaming billows where the storms can never be.
Near the time when 'twas discovered, at the town of Vavaoo,
Dwelt the ruler of the islands, whom the subjects all well
knew.

As a reckless, cruel tyrant, and their love he ne'er could gain,
And, through fear of dire disaster, only, could their wrath re-
strain;
But a plan for insurrection by a Chief was formed one day.
'Twas betrayed, and he with kindred, soon the ruler sought to
slay.

'Mong them was a fair young daughter of this Chief death, too
must meet,
Now the Chief who found this cavern loved this maiden, pure
and sweet;
And he long had sought to win her. But her heart seemed
adamant,

Yet he could not see her perish, and resolved his aid to grant.
 All the women of that country are at home on land or sea,
 They can swim and dive like mermaids, from all fear of dan-
 ger free;

So this young and gallant Chieftain sought this maiden to
 impart,

This intelligence, and shield her, if she'd grant to him her
 heart.

Gladly, then, did she accept him. And with him for succor flew,
 Then unto this hidden cavern, 'neath the waters deep and blue:
 Quickly brought he this fair maiden, to protect her from all
 harm,

Many of lifes choicest blessings did he heap upon her there,
 And as oft as might seem prudent he her solitude would share;
 And so well he kept his secret not a soul had guessed the truth,
 Why he was so often absent. Wand'ring near the sea, for
 sooth.

Lighted only by reflection of sunbeams upon the sea,
 Yet the cavern seemed a palace to this girl from death set free;
 And she there received her sweetheart with true love light in
 her eyes,

Where no thought of an intruder, while with him, could give
 surprise.

But unto the Fiji islands he thought best to emigrate,
 To protect his precious darling from this hapless lonely state;
 When at last, with all things ready, while his ship was moored
 hard by,
 Freedom then from this close prison for this bonny maid drew
 nigh.

Without word or look of warning, as his loving friends stood
 near,

Leaped he down into the water, there at once to disappear;
 Just as they had ceased from hoping that his life might yet be
 spared,

Here he came upon the surface. All with wonder at him stared.

For with him this fair young maiden also came before their
 view,

Just at first their hearts forbade them to believe the vision true;
 But they then and there were married, for a priest was with
 them there,

And a long and happy lifetime did they both together share.

MY TROUBLES AS A BEAU.

I got the mitten t'other night,
O! how the tears still blur my sight;
Ann Dinmick was the lady, fair,
I asked her to be Mrs. Blair.

But this she'd not consent to do,
I'm all broke up. Boo hoo! boo hoo!
She said I was too awful tough,
And that my ways were all too rough.

She said I re'ly did not know
Just how to play the gallant beau.
And that I was too green, and "saft."
Then at my misery she laughed.

Aunt Lydia says I am so green,
I'd best use care when I am seen,
By eattle, else there apt to make,
A dinner of me, by mistake.

She says I'm fisty, too, you know,
I think she's mean for saying so;
Now ma says I must stay with her,
So this will not again occur.

Until I'm old enough to know,
How others act who play the beau;
I guess I'll wait till next leap year,
And then the girls may call me "deer".

IF YOU LOVE HIM.

Don't expect all perfection in him you have wed,
If you do you will find many trials ahead;
It is useless to think that a husband and a beau,
Are exactly the same in deportment, you know.

You will find as you journey along by his side,
Upon life's rugged pathway, that though as a bride,
You began this long journey, the honeymoon will
Wear away, and give place wifely duties to fill.

Some of these will be pleasant, and some the reverse,
If you're not very careful you'll make matters worse;
If you try to compel him some habit to quit,
You will find to your sorrow this stirs up his "grit."

Never scold and abuse him for faults you have found,
This will stir up his wrath, and run love all aground;
But use judgment and tact, and be careful to say,
Nothing harshly, no matter what comes in the way.

If he shows a bad temper, then keep your own cool;
For when angry, a person is only a fool;
And when one is around, it is surely enough,
After all, you will find it is only a "bluff."

Now a man is, at best, but an overgrown boy,
It is often quite easy his peace to destroy;
And as easy to make him light hearted and gay,
By the things that you do, or the words that you say.

Try to make his home pleasant, whatever you do,
Have his meals all on time, and the house tidy, too;
As he enters the door, always come with a smile,
Of glad welcome to greet him. You'll find it worth while.

Let him know 'tis the greatest delight of your life,
To perform all the duties becoming a wife;
If you manage him right you can work him like dough,
And thus mould out his character for him just so.

Although traits deeply rooted take time to destroy,
More especially so when begun as a boy;
Perseverance, and patience, and tact you must use,
In this work of reform, lest reward you will lose.

With exception of one evil habit some men
Will indulge, and that's drink. It is different then.
When a woman first finds that her husband does that,
It is time then for action as quick as a cat.

Tell him plainly and firmly, though kindly, that you
Will desert him forever for being untrue.
To his marital bonds, if he ever again,
Takes a drink of intoxicants. Then if that plan

Fails to work you should quit living with him at once.
If you don't you yourself, should be killed for a dunce;
There are trials enough for a woman to bear,
Without such an addition as this to her care.

Gain his confidence first. That's the main thing to do.
Then your influence, surely, will carry you through;
If you use tact, and judgment, to help you along.
Never try to convince him that he's in the wrong.

When he's angry and snappish, just let him alone,
For a fool cannot reason, this fact is well known;
When his mind is well balanced, and not in a strain,
Over something that worries him, then you may gain

Quite a good many points in your favor, if you
Understand how to manage him all the way through.
Gently speak of the matter you may have in mind,
If he differs with you in opinion, you'll find

It is best not to argue the point. in the least,
Change the subject at once, as though that one had ceased;
Give him time to reflect upon what you have said.
If you have the right view, you will come out ahead.

Though he thinks all the while that 'tis he, and not you.
Who is boss of affairs, he'll accept of your view;
Bye and bye, if you gently refer once again,
To the matter in mind, if it is a good plan.

THE HORSE SHOE ON THE DOOR.

There's a legend of the horse shoe by the sages often told,
Why a horse shoe on the lintel, magic favors ever hold;
As the story tellers have it, once a customer appeared
At a blacksmith shop for shoing. Now the smithy oft' had
heard

That a cloven footed Devil walked the earth by night and day,
Seeking whom he might devour, when we fail to watch and
prayer;

He began the preparations for the work he was to do,
But a glance revealed the secret in an instant as to who

Stood before him. 'Twas the Devil, for one cloven foot had he,
But he went about the labor like this fact he failed to see;
Soon he had his task completed, and the customer had gone.
Walking down the road soon after, which this beast had trod
upon.

He discovered that the horse shoe which this eloven foot had worn.

Had been kicked off, and deserted, for it could not well adorn; Bovine hoofs, because the shaping of the two were not the same.

And it burnt the foot severely. So off soon the horse shoe came.

That is why, so sages tell us, he could never more endure.
Seeing horse shoes in his wanderings. Therefore good luck will
be sure.

To attend, where one is pendent on the lintel of a home,
Seeing this. "old Nick" will hasten to depart. elsewhere to
roam.

DON'T WORRY.

Don't worry and fret as you journey through life,
Twill only make sorrows and trials more rife;
And pleasure you ne'er can in this way receive,
And heart aches you'll never in this way relieve.

But thus they are ever revived in your mind,
You can not in this way leave trials behind;
Instead of your leaving them far in the past.
Their specters will conquer your spirit at last.

Then scatter them out as you journey along,
Lest they in vast numbers at last are too strong;
For you to subdue. Let their shadows not fall
Across your life's pathway, your heart to appal.

O! look not behind you to seek in the rear,
The ghosts of those trials to fill you with fear;
The foe to your soul is upon the alert,
For just such a chance all your future to hurt.

Then let the dead past remain buried from sight,
And hope in the future be used as a light;
To guide you along to the haven of rest,
Instead of life's trials to burden your breast.

The future of life we can never foretell,
The past is all gone, what so ever befell;
Then live for the present, and ever do right,
And trust in your Heavenly Father for light.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Dear Father may Thy will be done,
With me until my race is run;
And may I humbly seek thine aid,
When burdens are upon me laid.

And though my will at times is crossed,
May not my trust in Thee be lost;
And may I say "Thy will be done,"
Until I have the vict'ry won.

For in Thy strength dear Lord, not mine,
I shall endure. Let aid, Divine,
Be ever present with me here,
And may I feel Thy presence near.

Thou knowest what is best for me,
Then may my will with Thine agree;
And may I lean upon Thine arm,
For Thy protection from all harm.

And may I fully trust Thy love,
With sweet assurance that above
A crown of life awaits for me,
Where I shall spend eternity.

THE BEAU'S WARNING.

I know a lovely blue eyed maid,
With tresses of a golden shade;
And lips and cheeks 'tis perfect bliss,
From which to steal but one sweet kiss.

Her form and manners are complete.
And she goes ever clean and neat;
And many lovers long have tried,
To coax her to become a bride.

But still she clings to maidenhood,
And though she seems so pure and good;
She dearly loves to flirt, they say,
With all the beaux who come her way.

So now, young man, take warning, fair,
In dealing with her use great care;
Lest other victims she will claim,
For flirting, surely is her game.

Now I would not insinuate
That such had been my hapless fate;
One hates to give himself away,
Whose heart has led him thus astray.

THE BRAIN.

The grayish substance of the brain controls it all, we find,
Without it thoughts could ne'er occur within the busy mind;
This substance goes from cell to cell by nerva aura force,
The will has power when 'tis used, with both, to guide their
course.

Each cell is but a home for thought; and here emotions dwell,

Each word and action giving vent to thoughts within some cell;
 A good phrenologist may know what thoughts predominate,
 By noting all enlargements found upon a person's pate.

For each emotion has its home in some exclusive cell.
 And this gray substance is its food, which causes it to swell;
 The more 'tis fed the more it seems most eagerly to crave
 For more and more of just such food as this gray substance
 gave.

And thus emotions gain control, when not subdued by will,
 Thus habits form and gain in strength, their mission to fulfill.
 A person with well balanced mind emotions hold in check,
 But agitation oft' is known some useful life to wreck.

The brain is where the mind is found. 'Tis an electric force.
 From which, through nerves, the body gains cognition of the
 source
 Of its surroundings: and 'tis thus with power of the will,
 That reason in its private cell may quite a mission fill.

The cell of reason germinates this grayish substance, where
 The other cells, when brought in use, obtain a bounteous share:
 And some times reason has none left, so fast it outward flies,
 And that is why the world today is full of cares and woes.

THE MID NIGHT MURDER.

'Twas in the middle of the night,
 And old Morpheus claimed his own;
 When I awoke with sudden fright,
 To find that I was not alone.

The misty moonbeams ghastly light,
 Revealed a robber standing there;
 With dagger raised, and in plain sight,
 Awaiting my heart's blood to share.

For one brief moment I lay still.
 One awful moment of suspense.
 And then, with quite determined will
 Which came to me, I know not whence.

I formed a plan for action there,
 A plan to conquer this dread foe;
 But it has bowed me down with care,
 And haunts my steps where e'er I go.

The thought still thrills me to the core,
 My feet I placed upon a rug;

This one who thirsted for my gore,
 Was doomed to die, 'twas a—bed bug.
 You see, in self defence 'twas done,
 And just as true as here I sit,
 The victory was nobly won,
 For if he'd lived I'd, sure, got bit.

THE ROUE'S APOLOGY.

They all say that I'm reckless and wild in my way,
 That I often do things that are naughty and wrong;
 Now this all may be so, but be that as it may,
 Please remember that fun to a youth should belong.

Though I do not desire to molest anyone,
 And at heart I do try to be awfully good;
 Yet, it seems part of nature to seek for my fun,
 And sometimes I, no doubt, seek for more than I should.

But wild oats will be sown by the young, I am told,
 And this time will appear only once in a life;
 Now I mean to be settled and staid when I'm old,
 But should youth not be free from all sadness and strife?

I've no doubt some suppose that I've never a thought,
 That is sober, because I am always so gay;
 And yet often, unbidden, the truths that are taught,
 From the Bible, influence my life every day.

O! then bear with my folly kind friends, while I'm young,
 For it may be the future will bring me success;
 In the days yet to come with a pen, or with tongue,
 I may strive my dear country to honor and bless.

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.

In Kansas City, so they say,
 A bloody tragedy one day,
 Was almost consummated there,
 Which would have filled some hearts with care.

Now this is how the story goes,
 As it was told by one who knows,
 A man and woman entered in
 A hardware store to there begin

The fracas, but police were called,
 And thus the fatal scheme was stalled,
 The man unto the showcase walked,
 The woman followed, and she talked

In pleading terms, while pulling at
His coat-tails to prevent a spat,
"Consider well the consequence
Before the shooting you commence,"

She pleaded while great tear drops fell
Upon her cheeks, her grief to tell;
"Of consequence I've had enough,
And of a kind that's far too rough.

I'll shoot them if they come tonight
As soon as they appear in sight."
A big revolver then he chose.
"What is the price of one of those?"

He asked the clerk, who trembling stood,
Controlling fear as best he could,
While with a visage fierce and grim,
A blood shot eye was turned on him.

The clerk had scented trouble near,
And knew a "Cop" would soon appear,
For he, unnoticed, had sent word,
When signs of bloodshed first appeared.

So, leisurely he went behind
The show case, such a gun to find,
But now there came into the store,
An officer, who stood before

The would-be-purchaser of arms,
Prepared to quell all such alarms,
"Just come along with," he said,
"And we will find whose blood you'd shed."

And then some explanations came,
Which proved the man quite free from blame;
Two large pugnacious Thomas eats,
Oft' held nocturnal feline spats.

Beneath his bedroom window, where
The serenading filled the air,
And drove Morpheus far away,
From dark until the break of day.

TO MY MOTHER.

O, dear Mother how I miss thee!
More than language can explain;
For your presence ever cheered me,
But your absence gives me pain.

You have been a loving mother,
Ever gentle, kind and true;
And I've never found another,
That I could compare with you.

I remember when in childhood,
How so patiently you'd bear;
With my thoughtless acts, that oft' would,
Fill your loving heart with care.

Many times I've heard you praying,
When you thought yourself alone;
For my soul when I'd be straying,
With a heart seemed made of stone.

Then mother, you was far from knowing,
As you knelt in humble prayer;
What good seeds you thus was sowing,
Or the fruit that they would bear.

THE FLY'S WARNING.

Just hear my warning, little fly,
Please don't go there, I'll tell you why;
There's poison in that saucer, sure,
For which there never was a cure.

And if you take but one wee sip,
You'll die of what we call "la grippe";
Now, mamma says she wants you to,
Because she has no love for you.

You see you are so impolite,
You're naughty thus from morn till night;
You get on victuals with your feet,
Which are not always clean and neat.

Now, you should better manners learn,
Then Mamma would not be so stern;
We do not mind you for a guest,
But then you should not be a pest.

THE RAINY DAY.

Almost all day the welcome rain,
Has splashed upon the window pane;
The pearly drops, so clean and neat,
Are nestling on the rose buds, sweet.

Their stores of wealth thus to exhume,
And fill the air with rich perfume;
The violet and buttercup,
Their lovely faces now hold up.

And, seemingly, enjoy the scene,
Before them spread upon the green;
While frogs with never ceasing croak,
Add to that music, never broke.

And ever and anon a bird
From 'neath some bosage near, is heard;
To warble forth a note of praise,
In memory of brighter days.

Quite well they know it won't be long,
Ere they may come with joyful song;
From 'neath their present hiding place,
With former dignity and grace.

But listen at the ducks and geese,
It seems they've just obtained release
From obligations to be still,
For now they're quacking with a will.

GOLD DUST LILY.

Little Bessie has a duck,
On which she seems quite badly "stuck";
And when she talks it answers back.
But all it says is quack! quack! quack!

At first it was a little thing,
And golden hued from beak to wing;
And when they christened it, you see,
She said Gold Dust its name should be.

But bye and bye a neighbor came,
Who said it ought not bear that name;
For soon, in color 'twould be white.
Then Lily would be nearer right.

So, once again the preacher came,
And christened it another name;
So, Gold Dust Lily now 'tis called,
'Tis name enough to have it stalled.

But yet, when in the water, clear,
You ought to see the little dear;
Despite the name it has to pack,
The water covers head and back.

'Twill swim and dive, and wash and play,
It seems, almost, for half a day;
While of her cheers there is no lack,
And it responds with quack! quack! quack!

It follows her where e're she goes,
And shares each day her joys and woes;
It loves to sit upon her arm,
That she may shield it from alarm.

The neighbors pigs come near some times,
With hearts as black as ink with crimes;
And then there's always quite a chase
Of who shall first get to the place

Where Gold Dust Lily may be at,
Thus pigs and Bessie often spat.
The sand burrs seem to hurt its feet,
So it can't run so very fleet,

But O, to think of bye and bye,
When Summer once again is nigh;
She almost sees the baby ducks,
And in her mind their down she plucks.

And O, the mine of wealth she'll gain,
Her joys she now can scarce restrain;
Air castles she has built up high,
For Gold Dust Lily bye and bye.

POEMS WRITTEN TO ORDER.

If you wish to advertise,
To obtain the people's trade,
In your line of merchandise,
Then you should not be afraid

To expend a proper sum,
For the work to be done right;
Then your customers will come,
Flocking to you day and night.

Send your public notice in
To the bard, with out delay;
If approval it don't win,
Then you will not have to pay.

But one written in this style,
Will attract the eye, you know;
Where a common one, the while,
Would have very little show.

Choose the style, and meter too,
If you have a choice in these;
State how many verses you
May wish written if you please.

But it makes no odds what kind,
Of a poem you prefer;
Send your subject, bear in mind;
And you'll get it, I aver.

TOPOGRAPHY OF NEWTON.

Let us give our loved city a boosting again,
We will find that 'tis always an excellent plan;
If we'd shun a stagnation, to keep it astir,
Like the waters that flow through the land, I aver.

Its location is grand. In this, none can excel,
Almost eight thousand people have come here to dwell;
And still more contemplate an arrival e'er long,
Thus the city's improvements are steady and strong.

Not a hill side to level. No stones to remove,
As a visit among us will certainly prove;
And a nice, level country each side we behold,
Where the soil every season its riches unfold.

And its water supply not a city can beat,
From a well down a hundred and fifty-one feet;
It is pumped by an engine through pipes to the town,
From a reservoir seven miles out, flowing down.

Its supply, so they say, the town ne'er can exhaust.
And it reaches the people at nominal cost;
It is oft' shipped to Wichita, too, I am told;
Where for water to drink, by the gallon, 'tis sold.

We have gas and electric contrivances, too,
We may use at all times, if we wish so to do;
We have places to go for amusement, at will,
These the happy-go-lucky ones frequently fill.

We've a league, anti-horse thief in name, here about,
So the doers of evil had better hide out;
Many streets are well paved. And two bands have we here,
With two parks to resort to in Summer, for cheer.

'Neath their bird dwelling boscage I oft' take a seat,
What a paradise, this, for a lover's retreat!
Little Cupid and Hymen roam here hand in hand,
While with redolent zephyrs the leaflets are fanned.

We've a library too; 'tis a Carnegie gift.
And a college to give all the youngsters a lift;
And school houses, and churches, we have them galore,
Pedagogues and sky pilots we count by the score.

We've a union depot, and another besides,
And they both supply people with tickets for rides;
And then there are the Santa Fe yards to supply,
Many people with work, who are willing to try.

While the pure air and water insures us good health,
The ambition thus gained will secure us the wealth;
Then awake, and arouse from your slumbers, I say,
Let us kick up the dust of our town while we may.

Whoop 'em up! Whoop 'em up! Come right down from the
roost,
And assist us in giving our city a boost;
All of you who have formerly wanted to prove
You were boosters of Newton, come, get on the move.

Of all business firms of the place who assist,
In our boosting campaign, we will make a fair list;
And go scatter them broadcast all over the land,
This will also boom Newton, "to beat the brass band."

Mr. McManus, the business man,
Surely can please you if any one can;
Call and examine his goods for yourself,
Pleasing his friends he likes better than pelf.

Busy as bees are his clerks all the while,
Waiting on folks with a good natured smile;
Most every thing that you want he'll supply,
Priced in a way that will cause you to buy.

Clothing and dry goods, and groceries too,
Here in departments are brought to your view:
More goods are sold in a day in this store,
Than in a week by its rivals, galore.

E. E. Russell's Economy Store is the place
To obtain what you need, from a smile on the face,
To your choice in new rugs, and new furniture, too,
Also, every thing second hand here you can view.

He is ready and anxious at all times to trade,
He will sell, or he'll buy, all regardless of grade;
Number six, one and four on Main street is his store,
And phone eight-double-five may be used to talk o'er.

The Murphy Mortgage Co., we find, make farm and city loans,
And by insuring property, for loss it oft' atones.
It deals in land, and abstracts, too. We see by drawing near
The only set of abstract books in Harvey County, here.

'Tis at the rear of Home State Bank, of Newton, Kansas, where
 You may at all times find your wants attended to, with care;
 Just call and give the firm a chance to prove what it can do.
 Phone two-o-eight if you prefer this to an interview.

Mr. Hahn is the man you should see with out fail,
 If you have any work in his line to assail;
 He will take the contract for your work in cement,
 On all this kind of work he is very intent.

And especially so when it comes to drive ways.
 Or to gutters and curbs. You will find that it pays
 To engage an expert. Call up two-seven-four.
 Number two-oand-four, on West Sixth, is his door.

C. C. McDaniel, Photographer. 626 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cor. Broadway and Main.
 Will May, Good Shoes for Every Body. 524 Main.
 Duff & Son, Furniture and Undertaking. 518-520 Main.
 S. R. McArthur, Abstracter and Real Estate. 106 E. Broadway.
 M. J. Reynolds, Job Printer. No. 106 West Broadway.
 Jess Morgan, Tailoring. No. 108 West Broadway.
 The Daughly Lumber Co. 200 East Sixth Street.
 Why is the world like a monkey? Because it imitates, as near as pos
 South Side Realty Co., N. S. Coble, Prop. No. 311 Main.
 Swartz Lumber Co. 322 Main.
 W. K. Smith, Drug Store. No. 403 Main.
 Evans Bros., Hardware Store. No. 623 Main.
 H. S. Dickey's Post Office News Store. 717 Main.
 Graybill Bros., Shoe and Clothing Store. 523 Main.
 Conrad's Drugs and Jewelry. No. 515 Main.
 Nichols, the Tailor. 421 Main.

ADVERTISING.

To advertise,
 If you are wise,
 You'll send your card
 Unto the bard.
 And I'll be blest
 If she will rest
 Till 'tis begun.
 For 'tis rare fun
 To write in rhyme
 At any time.
 And, don't you see
 She'll guarantee
 To please you well?
 And help you sell.
 For 'tis unique
 In rhyme to speak
 About the things
 That money brings.
 Since 'tis bizzarre,
 'Tis better, far,

To use this style,
 'Twill bring a pile,
 Of money, sure.
 And this will cure
 The "blues" in all.
 And cares forestall.
 Attention thus
 From all of us,
 No matter who,
 Will come to you,
 And help your trade.
 Be not afraid
 To test the thing.
 'Twill money bring.
 And Mrs. Doyle
 Will never spoil
 Much paper, till
 She gains your will.
 To go ahead,
 And earn her bread.

PUNS AND CONUNDRUMS

sible, the example we set before it. If we smile, it will smile upon us. If we frown, it will frown in return. If we are selfish and stingy, caring for our own's welfare but our own, the world, soon, will be the same with us. But if we are trying to increase the happiness of others by manifesting an unselfish interest in their welfare, when an opportunity presents itself, then the rest of the world will do the same by us. Then let us try it, it will pay.

Why is a farmer the most wonderful man on earth? Because after maturity he keeps on growing, and continues to do so as long as he lives, yet his body is no longer than that of other men. His ears are without number, yet he lives no longer than others. He has heads, eyes, beards and ears innumerable, yet but one chin, and one brain. He walks on many feet, yet has but two legs. He often raises many tons from the earth at once, yet is no stronger than other men. At times he has many hands, yet but two arms. Some times while in the best of humor he "raises Cain." Were it not for him the rest of the world would starve.

Why is an irritable person like a doctor? Because, frequently, his patience is very weak, against, at times, he loses it, and is often without any.

When should a mermaid help control the weather? When she marries a sea-son.

Why is a feather like a sunbeam? Because it is light.

Billy—"Say! Miss Hooligan, what does the word ire mean?" His Teacher—"The word ire means anger, wrathful, Billy." Billy—"Then is that the reason why they call Erin's is-le Ireland? Was Mr. Erin cross? And is that the reason, too, that Irish school ma-ams are?"—but he got no farther with his interrogations. She took him by the ear and led him to his seat.

Why is bad news sometimes like a cyclone? Because it is a "terrible blow."

What is it that creeps, runs, climbs, has life, seldom falls, and yet is blind? A vine.

When may one become a bettor, and yet not a gambler? When he helps another out of a difficulty, he is then an abettor.

What is the difference between a political race and a horse race? With one, the runners use their feet. With the other, they use their heads.

Why is one's tongue like a fluid? Because it must be held, to keep it from running.

What is the difference between a carpenter and a blaze? One raises a building up, the other razed it down.

What is the difference between a pay master on a passenger coach, and one of the other passengers? One pays to ride, while the other rides to pay.

What is the difference between a miner, and one who has been guilty of a misdemeanor? One pays his fine. The other finds his pay.

When do acorns attract the most attention? When one tries to wear a tight shoe.

When is an employer the most attractive man in the crowd? When he hands the pay to pay the hands.

What is the difference between a policeman, and one who thrashes a tramp? One tramps his beat, while the other beats the tramp.

What is the difference between one riding on a freight train, and a wholesale lumber merchant? One boards the freight, while the other freights the boards.

When does a fish go insane? When he is caught by a sein.

Why is a tramp like a centipede? Because he walks on many feet (of earth).

Why is an unbecoming action like an invalid? Because it don't look well.

Why is a naughty child like a dusty coat? Because it needs "brushing."

What implement may be said to be of the masculine gender? The mail (male) coach.

Why is it dangerous to "sink" money in a mining shaft? Because one is "left in the hole," and is apt to starve before he gets on "solid footing" again.

When two people are of the same opinion, why are they like Europe and America? Because they have an ocean (a notion) between them.

In what land do the most wonderful things occur? Dream land, while asleep or awake.

In what state is the most trouble found? In a mental state.

Why is a man like a wagon wheel? Because he first *tires* of single life, then he turns *fellow*, then he gets *spoke* for, then he turns *hub-by*. Then if he don't behave, he is apt to get a "*boxin'*" on the ear.

What's the difference between a sale's clerk and a mariner? One sails the sea, while the other sees the sale.

What's the difference between a doctor, who charges too much, and a bull? One loses his patience *after* he charges. The other *before* he charges.

Why is a man who is on trial for lunacy like an ocean? Because he is "sounded" to find how "deep" he is.

Why is truth like a lost treasure? Because it is frequently so covered with rubbish it can not be found.

Why is confidence like a lost inheritance? Because it is easier lost than found.

Why is the rain bow like a perfect character? Because it is beautiful but unattainable.

What kind of mental labor makes the loudest noise? Instru-mental.

Why is an "up stairs" like a falsehood? Because it is a story.

Why is a milk cow like a petulant person? Because she is "Bossy."

With what kind of feet do the conquered leave the field of action? De-feat.

What ruling king is the most beneficial to his subjects? Wor-king.

Why is abuse like food in the crop of a chicken?

Because "grit" is required to prevent it causing trouble.

What implement reminds one of something good to eat? The grub hoe.

Why is a colt like an egg? Because it must be broke to be of any use.

What kind of rest does a money lender enjoy best? Inte-rest.

In what country are white and red hawks found? The U. S. They are holly-hocks.

What is it that has life, and leaves while standing still? A tree.

Why is a hen like a business man who succeeds? Because she uses judgment, industry and perseverance in seeking the worm, until she finds it, scorning not the little ones, the while, until she is rewarded with a full crop.

What's the difference between an unruly child and a train of cars? One sometimes gets on the switch, while the other often gets the switch on him.

Why is a cat like a successful essay writer? Because she knows how to insert sharp claws (clause) with telling effect.

What relative is a certain lucrative business very hard on? A restaurant. Arrest your aunt.

What is the most powerful ruling element of earth? Sentiment.

Who is the most powerful ruler of earth? One who controls his own emotions.

Why is a junk dealer like a quarrelsome person? Because he likes to have scraps.

When are prices sometimes like a mountain side? When they are high and steep.

Why is conduct like a public speaker? Because it tells what is in the mind.

Why are people who are guilty of low, ornery conduct like a badly kept door yard? Because they are "trashy."

Why is a basket of seed potatoes like a bucket of water?

Because if improperly managed they will "run out."

Why is a disorganized band of people like a bad boy? Because unless they reform, they will accomplish but little.

Why is a troublesome neighbor like a change of underwear? Because he is often found in a suit case.

When is a sunbeam like a noted orator? When its rays fall on a hypnotized person. It then sheds light on a subject.

Why is a hog like a tree? Because he roots in the ground.

What kind of rice is it that only the root is good to eat, while the other part is used for a drink, together with ice? Licorice (lico-rice liquor ice.)

What is the difference between a man's clothing store and a house wife? One clothes men, while the other mends clothes.

When is a moneyless tramp well healed? When he has no sores on his heels.

What is the difference in a grub hoe and a grist mill? One grubs the ground, while the other grounds the grub.

What is the difference between a justice of the peace and the weather bureau? One signs warrants, the other warrants signs.

Why are some newspapers like invalids? Because they are weakly (weekly).

What kind of fits do healthy people frequently have? Benefits.

Why is a bad boy like a postage stamp? Because he is liable to get licked.

Why is an irritable person difficult of approach? Because he is inclosed with offense (a fence) and is liable to hurl a piece of a fence at one.

Why is stealing a person like a sleeping infant? Because it is kidnapping.

Why is one who has recovered from a stone bruise like a financier? Because he is well healed (heeled).

Why is opportunity like drift wood in a swollen stream? Because we must grasp it while it is passing, in order to get it, and be in a hurry about it, lest it pass beyond reach.

Why is one who takes sea baths for his health like a miser? Because he enjoys securing (sea curing).

Why is a porter on a Pullman Sleeper the queerest man on the train? Because he can give a berth (birth).

Why are ones hopes like the blossoms of a rose bush? Because they some times become blasted.

What kind of hand music is disagreeable? "Chin music," from a hus-band.

When is a girl's beau like a paper pattern? When he gets "cut out" by a rival.

Why is a convict like a balloon? Because he is "sent up."

Why is a lover's quarrel like a disconnected train? Because it is ready to be made up.

Why are weeds in a garden like a third person at a sparking bee? Because they're in the way.

In what court would a stenographer be an unwelcome adjunct? In the court of appeals, where a beau sues his sweetheart for her heart and hand.

What is the difference between a young fellow and his girl? She misses him while absent; he misses her when he is with her.

What is the difference between an old bachelor and a married man? One missed his chance. The other chanced his Miss.

Why is an irritable person like a muddy road? Because the sooner they "dry up," the better one is pleased.

What Nation is most noted for advocating the temperance cause? Carrie Nation.

Why is a beau's girl like a plaster on the nape of his neck? Because she is "stuck" on him.

Why is a flower bed before blooming time, like an engaged couple? Because it is full of delightful expectations.

Why is a pleasure ride with ones sweetheart like the journey of life? Because one is seldom in a hurry to bring it to a close.

Why is happiness like unhappiness? Because the more we give to others, the more we have.

Why is a newly married couple like a honey bee? Because they can find sweets where no one else can.

What is the difference between a jewelry man and a jailor? One sells watches, while the other watches cells.

Why is a wind storm like a talkative person? Because one tires of hearing it blow.

Why is patience like rye whiskey? Because the more it stands, the stronger it gets.

Why is a wild mule like a dissatisfied person? Because it has a kick coming.

Why is a law suit like a cup of coffee? Because there must be good grounds from which to draw it, to make it a success.

Why is a married lady like a heavy rain? Because she is no longer Missed (mist).

Why is a school like a public highway? Because it is usually graded up.

Why is a traveling man like a client? Because he has a suit case.

What kind of a charge would a prisoner at the bar prefer? A discharge.

In what ship do prominent men like to sail best on the sea of life? Leader-ship.

What kind of Tories are always welcome in the United States? Factories.

Why are official documents like certain tropical fruit trees? Because they bear dates.

Why is it imprudent to refer to a lady agent? Because a lady is not a gent.

What prophet always foretells good news? Financial profit.

What is the difference between a baby and a vine? One creeps before it stands, the other stands before it creeps.

Why is a divorced couple like a last year's birds nest? Because they got left.

Why is love like a river? Because it will become stagnant, dry up, and disappear, unless it is constantly supplied with new material like the old.

Why is a two-faced person like a nail? Because he is not very long headed.

What kind of dance is sometimes enjoyed by the extremely pious? Abun-dance.

Why is a young man like flour? Because he is apt to get "stuck" on some girl's face.

Why is love like a fire? Because it must be constantly fed to prevent extinction.

Why is an inheritance like a balloon? Because it is an heir ship (air ship).

Why is a popular song like a base ball bat? Because it made a "hit."

Why is money like a French harp? Because it is made to "blow in."

Why is a hog like ink? Because, before use, it is usually held in a pen.
Why is a traveler on a train like a part of a floor? Because he is a board.

Why is a difficult mathematical problem like a young lady? Because some one is apt to get "stuck" on it.

Why is a correctly written poem like a city's water works? Because 'tis governed by a meter.

How may we obtain rats from a star? By spelling the word backwards.

Why is a volcano like an angry person? Because it explodes at the mouth.

Why is a young lady like a wrong action? Because she is a Miss—amiss.

With what nation do Americans have the most trouble? Imagi-nation.

Why is a strawberry plant like a king? Because it sends out runners before going elsewhere.

What kind of light is more pleasant than sunlight? De-light.

What kind of insects resemble an escaped convict? He flees.

What is the difference between a farmer and a rooster? One crops his feed, the other feeds his crop.

Why is one who is deceived in a trade like a native of Illinois? Because he is a "sucker."

What is the difference between one who is called over a telephone, and a naughty child? One is called up, while the other is called down.

What is the difference between a walnut and a man? One is of more use before being broken, the other, afterwards.

Why should legislators be arrested for murder? Because they kill so many bills.

What is the difference between a man and a hickory nut? One can be broke and not "cracked," or else "cracked" and not broke; while the other can not.

Why is one's religious, or political opinion like a boil on the nape of his neck? Because it is a tender spot, and requires handling with care, else it will hurt.

What is the difference between warts and a straw? One is spelled backward, the other forward.

Why is a newspaper correspondent like a shot gun? Because he frequently makes a report.

What year is of most importance to a criminal at the bar? A law-yer.

Why is one beginning to learn a trade, ready to die? Because he is a novice (no vice).

What is it that tells us many things, though it can neither talk, see, or move? A newspaper.

When is it dangerous to enter a city? When it is full of "buns"—bombs—lest some of them might get "busted" and "blow up" the town.

What son should a parent cherish with the tenderest care and consideration? Reason.

What is the difference between a business man and a young calf? One likes to suck seed, while the other likes to suck—its mother.

How may a watch be changed to a match. By inverting the first letter.

What is the difference between an ordinary conflagration, and the fires of love, of the twentieth century? With one a match will start it aglow, but with the other, a match frequently will extinguish it.

What kind of a neck tie is of most interest to a hang man? A rope.

Why is a confidence man like a sow with young pigs? Because he works with suckers.

When is a moneyless man like a sharpened razor? When he is completely strapped.

What state is always acknowledging a debt? Iowa (I owe A).

What kind of a table is the most desirable? Comfortable.

What is the difference between a bad habit and an important newspaper item? One should be "cut out" and abandoned. The other should be cut out, and preserved.

What is the difference between a hypnotist and some public speakers? With one the subject is put to sleep. With the other the subject puts others to sleep.

What kind of brick is of most interest to ladies of fashion? Fabric.

What is the difference between a clock and a scandalmonger? One runs down others, the other itself.

When is a pupil like his books? When he gets lazy. He is then made to study.

With what are the needy well supplied? With wants.

Why is the post master hard on foot wear? Because he stamps so much.

Why is a lawyer like a show bill? Because he should be well posted.

Why is a healthy Indian like a man who reads much? He is a well red (read) man.

What is the difference between a traveler and the distant past? One is long ago, the other goes along.

When is a cat better posted, than on mouse catching? When a dog chases her up a post.

When a package is sent by express, wherein does it differ from a public speaker? One expresses himself, while the other is expressed by some one else.

Why are some hogs like a dinner bell? Because one has to ring them.

What kind of "taters" thrive best on Kansas soil? Agitators (agitaters).

What city has the power for receiving and containing most? Capacity.

What kind of burrs are best to use in kindling a fire. Embers

Why should a tin pedler have a butter fly for a partner? Because its tinsel coloring might draw customers.

Wood ticks are in Texas, but what kind thrive best in Kansas? Politics.

Why is a volcanic eruption like the time o'day? Because all mention (shun) it.

Why should each man be a pious musician? Because each one is a him (hymn).

What kind of aid is always acceptable to young ladies in Summer? Lemonade.

What garden vegetable has two toes? The to-ma-to.

In what ship do the majority of men in America prefer sailing alone? citizen-ship.

Why is a sidewalk like a well filled stomach? It is preferred on which to take a walk.

How may a pair of shoes be changed into a pair of stockings? By erasing the first letter.

Why is a window like an invalid? Because it has pains (panes).

When are bees beneficial in a political contest? When they sting. They then make bee-leavers (believers) in a hurry, and with a motion (emotion).

INDEX

Illustration: The Handsomest Man in Town.....	1
Music: The Handsomest Man in Town.....	2 3
Words: The Handsomest Man in Town.....	4
If You Love Her.....	4
Speak Not Unkindly.....	5
To My Lady Love.....	6
The Shifting Sands.....	6
My Donkey Cart.....	7
Our Country.....	8
Speak Not Evil.....	8
Awake! Little Cupid.....	9
Be Pleasant.....	10
I'm Satisfied.....	10
That Gallinipper.....	11
The Mocking Bird.....	12
Spooks and Burglars.....	13
The Key to Connubial Bliss.....	14
They Know Not What they Do.....	15
The Fire Flies.....	16
My Visitor.....	17
Where They Sleep.....	18
The Legend of Baboushka.....	18
True Love in Trouble.....	19
The Prize Winner.....	22
Mother is Dead.....	23
An Autobiography.....	23
Good Night.....	25
The Jay Hawk Dude.....	26
A Birthday.....	26
The Star of Hope.....	27
Little Elsie's Misfortune.....	28
Bachelorhood.....	28
Married Life.....	29
Kansas Cyclones, and Other Marvels.....	30
My Children.....	32
A Mother's Love.....	33
There's Room at the Top.....	33
Grasshoppers of 1874.....	34

The Narrow Way.....	35
It is Only in the Mind.....	37
Cupid at Work.....	37
The Devil in Trouble.....	39
My Engagement.....	39
Let it Pass.....	40
Description of a Wild Fire in Pioneer Days.....	41
Craving Freedom from Bedlam.....	42
Blessed Jesus.....	42
A Box of Candy.....	43
My Comfortor.....	44
A Profound Secret.....	44
Why Not I?	45
The Boiling Springs.....	45
The Cavern by the Sea.....	47
My Troubles as a Beau.....	49
If You Love Him.....	49
The Horse Shoe on the Door.....	51
Don't Worry.....	52
Thy Will Be Done.....	52
The Beaux Warning.....	53
The Brain	53
The Midnight Murder.....	54
The Roue's Apology.....	55
A Domestic Tragedy.....	55
To My Mother.....	56
The Fly's Warning.....	57
The Rainy Day.....	57
Gold Dust Lily.....	58
Poems Written to Order.....	59
Topography of Newton.....	60
Advertising.....	62
Puns and Conundrums.....	63

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